

Silent Worker

A MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF, BY THE DEAF AND ABOUT THE DEAF

Vol. XXXII. No. 3

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15 Cents a Copy

Good - Will Rolling Stock and Equipment

By JESSIE NILES BURNES



Christmas Film, bound for Nome, Alaska, leaving Point Barrow, the northernmost point at which floats the stars and stripes. The reels for these points and the villages and settlements of the Yukon valley, Iditarod valley, and Koyukuk valley are carried by boat from Seattle to Cordova, thence by train to Chitina, thence by horse-drawn sledge to Fairbanks, the golden heart of the golden North. A trip of 20 miles takes them to the junction, where mail and film are transferred to dogsleds. From Chitina to the junction is 330 miles. From the junction to Bottles in the Koyukuk is 515 miles, to Nome 750

miles, to Point Barrow 1250 miles, and the faithful dogs haul the loads over the snowdecked trails at the rate of 40 miles a day.

The cost of a shipment from Seattle to Nome is \$3.50 a pound; to Point Barrow \$5.50 a pound, and to Fairbanks, \$1.50 a pound. The trip to Fairbanks requires 14 days from Seattle; to Nome one month, and to Point Barrow eight weeks. Three trips a year are made to the northernmost point by dogs and reindeer.

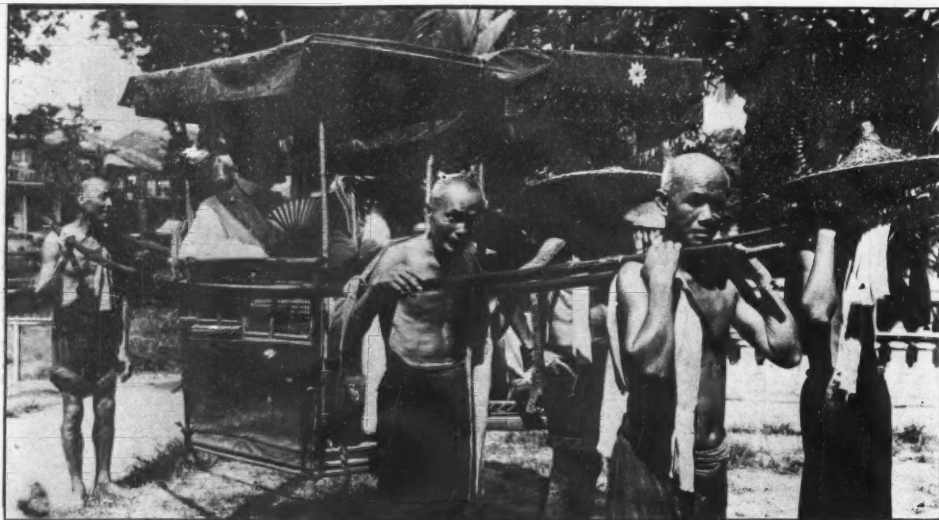


IT WILL not do to call this a Christmas story or a Thanksgiving story, although it would fit in well with the general scheme of things for either occasion, as you will see when you have read it, because too many stories in these days of strikes fail to arrive on schedule. Let us call it, therefore, a story of good-will-to-men.

It is a perfectly true story and every man connected with it that I have met is a practical, everyday sort of common-sense business chap who would be embarrassed at the suggestion that he is an altruist. Dr. Holley, at the head of the enterprise, blames ignorance for many of our present grievances. He believes that by enlightening the multitude it will be possible to get them all to work together for the common

good. His summing up would probably be: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye free."

The organization is known as the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Established in 1912. Dr. Francis Holley, of New York and Washington, is director. A Maria Boggs, of Washington, is dean. With something like twenty-one million feet of film already in hand and



OLD CANTON AND NEW SHANGHAI, CHINA.
Burton Holmes in the Chair was there to take travel pictures—but

approximately a million feet coming to it each month from foreign countries, this bureau by means of motor trucks and a staff of lecturers is reaching an audience of probably two million people each month in the United States. Its films are distributed in many foreign countries. China, Japan, India, Canada, Bolivia, Mexico,

is a ten to one winner. In due time the clouds were dispelled and his soul looked out through clear windows once more. When realization of this came to him he recalled that once time on one of his pilgrimages he had made a vow that in case his sight was restored he would devote a portion of his wealth to bettering conditions for



One of the many trucks operated by the Bureau of Commercial Economics.

Argentina, Spain, Alaska, and Newfoundland have furnished films of their activities, and are receiving in exchange pictures of American industrials, and this "give and take" is to be kept up indefinitely. It is a sort of survival of that "neighborliness" our forefathers practiced, which may so wisely be revived.

Showings are all free. Expenses are borne entirely by Dr. Holley and his associates, principally by voluntary contribution. Last year's distribution cost something like \$260,000, and it is estimated that this year's work will cost about \$400,000.

The way of its beginning, as told by Dr. Holley in an interview published in the New York Sun, was this: for many years he stumbled and fumbled through life in the constant discomfort of failing sight and the fear of total blindness. Being one of the fortunate ones who do not have to count the cost, he could command the best skill to be found in the world. His quest for a cure led him back and forth across both oceans many times. Into every corner of the earth where a hope of relief could lead him, he went. Scientists, and specialists innumerable were earnest in doing their utmost, temples and shrines in his itinerary were not neglected; and every sort of treatment he tried seemed to avail just nothing at all.

He had too much courage and determination to give up, however, and courage, as you know,

his fellow-men. The Bureau of Commercial Economics is the fulfillment of the vow.

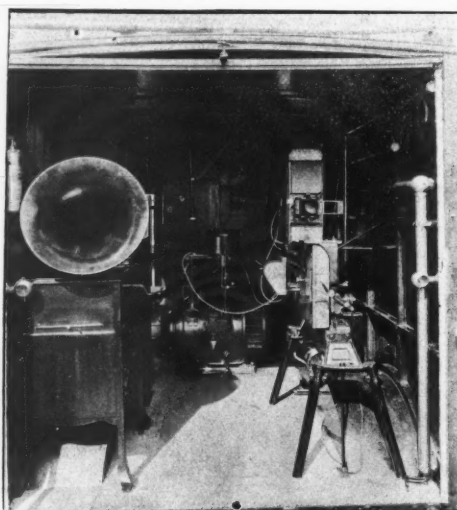
It may be you have read Olive Shriner's story of the man with the embittered heart to whom an angel showed the unclothed soul of his enemy so that he might understand why man's seeming failures are sometimes triumphs. The angel said then to the one who felt wronged: "Canst thou not now forgive?" and his reply was "How beautiful my brother is!" Now of course the Doctor doesn't put the idea that way, exactly, but it is his belief, as I gather it, that misunderstanding and lack of true and exact knowledge befog all of us to a great extent, and at this time there is especial need for knowledge, so that we may know how really beautiful our brother is.

The work is under full headway in the Eastern states. The Bureau has now at work eight motor trucks, and accompanying pictures of interior and exterior demonstrate the way they operate. A motion picture camera for taking pictures, a projecting apparatus including a silver sheet which when not in position for an exhibition can be rolled up and stowed into small space, a Delco light, a talking machine, and a case for records and reels, completes the equipment. To this the operators may add sleeping paraphernalia if they choose. The brass railed platform at the back, which accommodates the lecturer, can be stowed very quickly if not needed for a sleeping porch after the show is over.

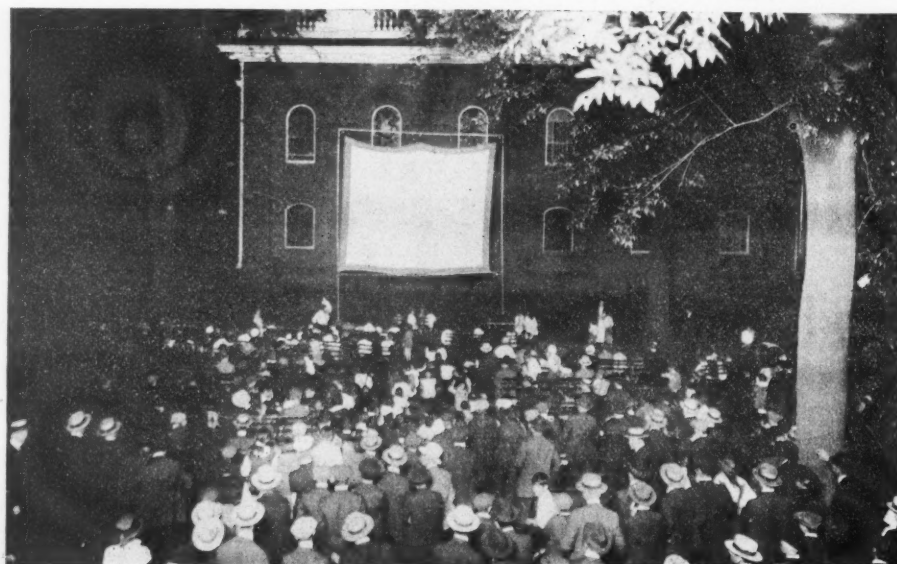
Each van requires a crew of two men—one an expert cameraman, the other a specialist in social service with ability to handle crowds and deal with difficulties of any sort that may arise.

On reaching a town, their coming having been heralded, they consult with the Chamber of Commerce, if there is one, or with leading educators, or city fathers, as to what pictures should be taken, and what may be shown. A decision having been arrived at, the motion picture camera does its bit, filling the day schedule, and at night the selected reels from other centers are shown. It is estimated that in the course of a month every reel in the library of films chosen for each van to suit its itinerary, will have been shown to at least a million people. A wise selection is held of vast importance, for it wouldn't help the miners in Scranton much to be shown, let us say sheep-shearing, although they might like to see how truck farms in New Jersey are operated so as to profit owners, and would certainly enjoy a film "how to have a home of your own." In the same way, mill workers in Paterson probably wouldn't be interested in packing-house processes. But it

(Continued on page 83)



Interior of Movie Theatre operated by Bureau of Commercial Economics.



Typical night scene. This was taken at New Haven, Conn.

Overcoming the Handicap of Deafness

By LLOYD SWIFT THOMAS

(Courtesy of Physical Culture Magazine for September, 1919)



Did you ever hear a totally deaf girl play the piano—not mechanically, but artistically and beautifully? Did you ever see a girl do beautiful, interpretive dancing to the music of an orchestra that she could not hear? Of course you have known that deaf and dumb persons can be taught to speak and converse with the help of lip-reading. But did you ever hear a girl who has been stone deaf from babyhood sing the diatonic scale?

Helen Heckman, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, does all of these things. Her extraordinary progress in these directions illustrates the manner in which she is overcoming the handicap of deafness. And it will be interesting to the readers of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* to know that to a considerable extent these results have been accomplished through the training of the body and the use of her muscular and other senses.

We have all known that the loss of any faculty serves to stimulate increased acuteness in the development of other senses. For instance the loss of sight is commonly followed by increased acuteness in hearing and an improvement in the sense of direction, location and judgment of distances. Even we who have both sight or hearing know that we can listen to music much more effectively and with greater appreciation in a dark room, or with our eyes shut. Paderewski when giving a concert always plays in a dimly lighted hall. Probably for some such reason Helen Heckman has acquired not only greater acuteness and sensibility of her other faculties because of the loss of hearing, but she has acquired what one might term an unusual "muscle sense," and it is this which has helped her to learn to sing a musical scale, or an arpeggio with fidelity to pitch.

Helen's remarkable development in these directions is to be attributed to the intelligence, love and devotion during the past seven years of her step-mother, Mrs. P. E. Heckman, who was a teacher of music and a woman of exceptionally broad understanding. One is impelled to say, indeed, that the personal sacrifice, maternal care and devotion of this remarkable woman, combined with her resourcefulness in the teaching and training of Helen and her younger sister, make up an almost equally interesting story.

Born normal and healthy, Helen at about one year of age, suffered a very severe attack of spinal meningitis which was responsible for the complete loss of her hearing. It was only one or two years, later, however, that her parents realized through her failure to learn to talk that she could not

hear. Naturally her development in all respects were greatly retarded inasmuch as the one avenue through which children learn most things was entirely closed to her. When she was eight years old her mother died, leaving a brother somewhat older than Helen, and a baby sister, Mildred. Then for sometime Helen was placed in an institution for the deaf where she made very little progress, the baby meanwhile being cared for by a grandmother. It was when

This is Helen Heckman, of Muskogee, Oklahoma. The center photo shows Helen as herself, deaf but not dumb. The upper photograph is a position in one of her interpretive dances executed in perfect time with music that she cannot hear. Below, a scene from her favorite Japanese dance



Helen was twelve and one-half years old that her father married the present Mrs. Heckman, who immediately accepted the responsibility of bringing up the children in such a way as to make the most of their capabilities. Particularly she took upon herself the task of shaping Helen's life in such a way that it would mean something to the child.

What Mrs. Heckman has achieved is only to be appreciated through the contrast between Helen's present accomplishments and her condition at the age of twelve, when she was still exceedingly backward. She had not yet learned to talk and would sit for hours playing with a string or some trifle of that kind. Also her muscular co-ordination was exceedingly poor, and she was unusually clumsy. The reader, of course, knows that the sense of balance and of location is dependent upon certain delicate

structures of the inner ear consisting of a group of three semi-circular tubes filled with a liquid the fluctuations of which in these tubes gives one the sense of balance or unbalance. In the destruction of the mechanism of the ear in which resides the faculty of hearing, this balance-seeing apparatus is sometimes also affected. At any rate, no one would have suspected that the clumsy little girl would ever have attended the exceptional co-ordination and grace which she now displays in her various classic dances. The results in this direction may be taken as a convincing demonstration not only of the value of the training of the body, but of the possibilities in the way of development of the mental faculties through the training of the body.

As an example of the wonders that may be accomplished along this line is Helen's present ability to sing a musical scale or arpeggio. The first purpose of teaching her this was to help her acquire something in the way of normal inflection of the voice in speech. You have seen deaf and dumb children who have learned lip-reading and through that how to speak, though almost invariably with an unpleasant, guttural and throaty monotone. It is naturally impossible for the deaf person to comprehend the meaning of inflection of the voice, since he or she has never heard such a thing. Mrs. Heckman, however, undertook to overcome the condition with the result that today Helen speaks entirely without any throaty or unpleasant quality of tone and in a voice which, if not strong, is practically normal.

To convey the theory of the varying pitch of the voice Mrs. Heckman made use of the stairway in her home, having Helen go up and down the steps to suggest the rising and falling of the voice in similar degrees. Supplementary to this Mrs. Heckman developed a method of placing her hands on Helen's arms so that she might lift or press upward in varying degree to suggest variations of musical pitch. Helen, being very sensitive in this respect, very soon learned to interpret the meaning of this bodily contact, various shades of this upward and downward pressure being expressed in a corresponding raising and lowering of the voice. It was in this way that she finally learned to sing musical scales and arpeggios with excellent fidelity to pitch, as the writer had an opportunity to observe when she sang these for him in conjunction with a scale played on the violin. Helen sang each note previous to the striking of the same note on the violin. She can strike middle C at any hour of the day or night. You could get the keynote for tuning your instrument from the "Doh" which this girl can sing but cannot hear.

The little sister Mildred, who is now twelve, after three years of study on the violin, shows extraordinary talent, playing various concert numbers with much brilliancy. She has been of great assistance in the education of Helen, especially in connection with the study of dancing. Helen dances to music played by her sister, and although she cannot hear the music her perfect sense of rhythm enables her to continue through the whirling measures of dance in absolutely perfect time. In this way she has also danced to the music of an orchestra. When Mildred started lessons on the piano, Helen also decided that she would like to play the instrument, with the result that she is now able to play both piano solos and accompaniments for the violin. She is likewise an expert in various forms of needlework.

In respect to physical development, Helen is an example of that perfection of grace and symmetry that is to be attained only by a combination of physical culture and dancing. There is not a faulty or angular line about her, and one gathers the impression that she would not be capable of an awkward or ungraceful movement. Though she is twenty years old she looks somewhat younger, probably as a result of her retarded development during her earlier years. She is only five feet and two or three inches, but compactly and perfectly modeled. The writer had the pleasure of seeing her execute a number of dances in various costumes, during which she manifested not only the true musical spirit of the dance, but a very exceptional dramatic instinct as well. The latter, indeed, is in evidence in some of the photographs reproduced with this article.

Mrs. Heckman is leaving no stone unturned to promote the interests of her girls artistically and in the matter of general personal development. Undoubtedly, both have futures. So far Helen has appeared very little in entertainments except in her own home city, but when she is finally ready for public work there is no doubt that she will realize a splendid and brilliant future. Her story is one full of inspiration in respect to the possibilities of human endeavor, showing that the greatest of handicaps cannot prevent achievement even along channels presumably closed, as for instance that of music in the case of the deaf.

Two characteristic positions in Helen Heckman's classic and interpretative dances. Even the photos suggest her unusual sense of the "music of motion."

pleasure of reading it. However, her personal remarks as to deafness are interesting and have a ring of truth,—also seem to come from one acquainted with the condition accompanying same.

While speaking from experience, it is not my desire to enlarge upon a so called affliction, nor the appalling blank left in the lives of those so born or later afflicted. There are ever so many things with which one may become afflicted that are more painful and that handicap one to a greater extent. The blank,—large tho' it is—from the absence of that valuable ability to enjoy the sounds of Nature and the voices of one's fellow men,—deafness also has its compensations from other standpoints in not hearing

"THE ROAD OF SILENCE"

Normal Persons Fail to Realize the Meaning of Deafness

To The Editor of the Evening Sun—Sir: In one of our periodicals, the Atlantic Monthly, an article entitled "The Road of Silence" should be more generally read than it is likely to be because in our multitude of interests we pass over some things which may in our judgment of the moment, be omitted.

It would be to the ultimate benefit of all hearing people did they appreciate more fully the vital problem facing the individual deprived of that important sense.

The world, our world, that is, has every desire to be helpful; it is, however, lamentably ignorant of the appalling blank left in the lives of its fellow men. Speaking of the loss of voices—the songs of the birds, the music of the waves: "The loss of such things goes far beyond what is meant by a handicap or a serious inconvenience. They are the things which minister to the spirit, and there is no inborn composure, nor faith, nor religion, nor wealth, nor power, that can take their place.... a writer on this subject who spoke from experience has said that a deaf person is partly dead. I have heard every deaf person I knew make identically the same remark. It is the voicing of a terrible revelation which comes to him, and the only reason he is silent under it, is because he remembers that deafness is entirely different from what he supposed it was when he himself could hear—that he could not then have accepted the idea and that others cannot now.

The hearing person invariably regards this statement as having an imaginative coloring. He cannot grasp it. He has no test of experience by which he can arrive at the inner meaning..... But the deaf person is not only partly dead—he lives his deadness."

This may sound depressing—it is depressing indeed to those persons chiefly concerned—but do not for one moment think the prostration is permanent. To his credit be it said, given time for readjustment he invariably rises and goes on his way not exactly rejoicing perhaps—the reminders are too poignant, especially at first—but with the aid of lip reading or instrument of a combination of both he takes up his burden, re-establishing a place for himself as best he may.

If the majority could be brought to a realizing sense of just what deafness is a large measure of influence would work to advantage.

MARY DUGANE.

New York, Jan. 28.

"THE ROAD OF SILENCE"

To the Editor of The Evening Sun.

Sir: Having noted the remarks made in your columns by Mary Dugane, will say that as to the article appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly" under the above caption, I have not had the



ever so many of the sounds in our busy industrial world,—many of which bring on a form of deafness peculiar in itself.

Personally, I have never had another deaf person tell me that he or she was partly dead. In theory, the thought is somewhat true especially of one born deaf or who become so early in life;—in not having had the advantage of the average learning and intercourse with his fellow men. A normal person who becomes deaf or loses the ability to hear the general and better things of life,—coupled with the difficulties encountered by the average deaf person in the matter of earning a livelihood, without the proper amount of humor passed along in such a way that a person can perceive it, that person will surely become partly dead, both spiritually and physically. The former person misses something in evidence from observation of his fellow men, while the latter person seems to miss more because of having once realized what hearing means to one and fully knowing what he is missing.

In a place where there are any number of persons who are deaf, they congregate and enjoy many of the things of life the same as normal people, and even have their religious side of life being ministered to them in their own way so that they can understand. In this way one does not miss the fellowship of his fellow men so much and gets the benefit of educational features as well as things that lead to better lives.

When it comes to the matter of keeping on a level with these educational features, the development of better lives for ourselves and posterity—it is quite important that conditions in general be in harmony with the efforts put forth in that direction. It is to be admitted every person confronted with the problem of existence and the getting of the where-withal with which to exist. With that problem taken care of properly, we can quite safely trust every person to follow the majority toward the development,—mentally, physically and spiritually.

As Miss Dugane said, "It would be to the ultimate advantage of all hearing people did they appreciate more fully the vital problem facing the individual deprived of that important sense,"—the loss of hearing. These individuals make no small number in the aggregate and while it is said that "Like produces like"—that old saw has been busted more than once in the progress of reproduction among the class. On the other hand the class is added to quite frequently from normal persons; either by a child being born deaf or later becoming so from some ailment, which might have seemed insignificant in the beginning and neglected until it was too late. Who knows but what at some time this same thing may happen to some one near to you,—or to YOU. Then would you not stop to give a little more attention to that which because of your multitude of interests you passed over for the moment?

We find the class as a rule quite well taken care of, up to the matter of employment. While grouping them together for the purpose of educa-

tion and the learning of one of the several trades to which the deaf are adapted, in order to give them a better chance in life,—unfortunately the state or municipality that offered these advantages did not have the facilities for keeping them grouped together where each understood the other by their own method of conversation, and with a better opportunity of applying their trade toward the earning of a livelihood. When

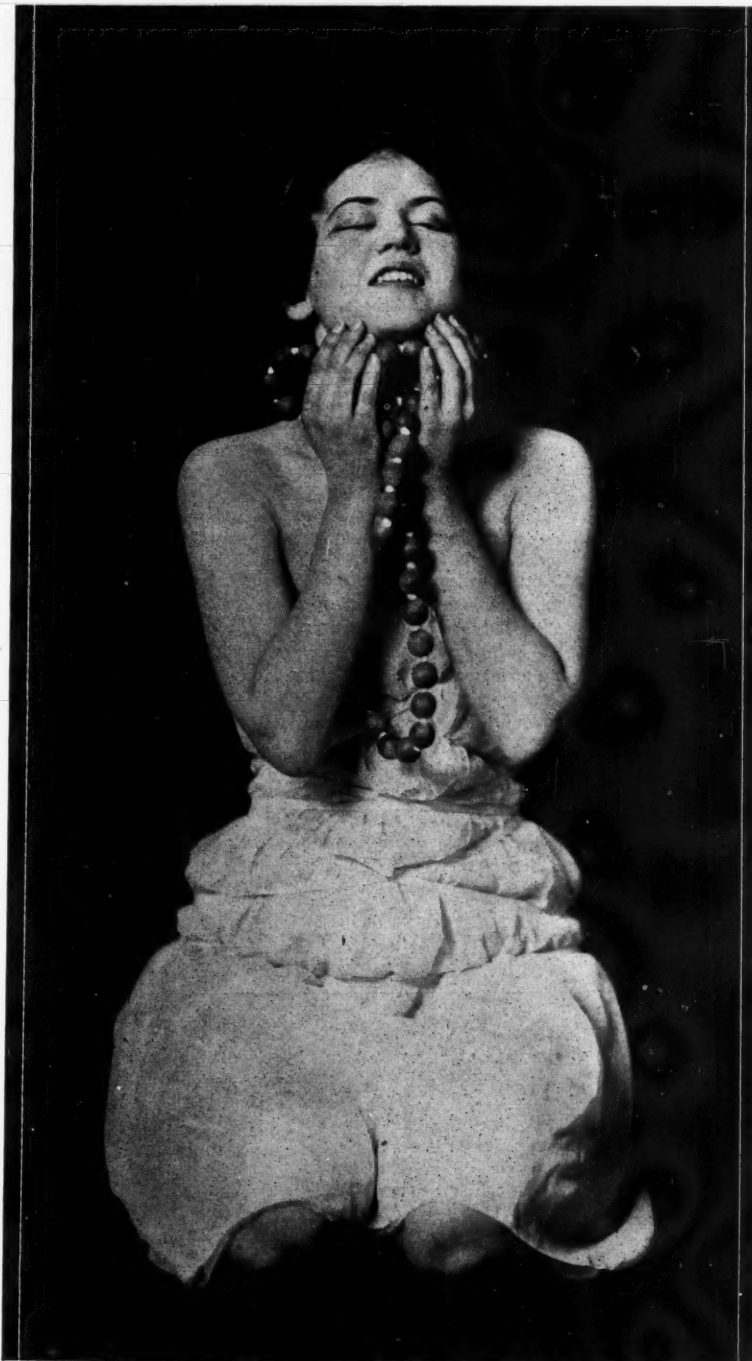
circumstances suitable to their handicap,—just so long will the elimination of many of the unpleasant features of deafness remain in the minds of those afflicted and the problem more difficult to solve all around. The same may be said of any class of so called misfit in the industrial world.

The world, our world, that is, has every desire to be helpful; but seldom ever any deaf person asks charity,—and they have their own institutions supported by their own charity for those who must. If anybody finds the average beggar or peddler of "charity junk" working on the public, with deafness as a plea, invariably investigation will prove that the person is a faker.

We find the deaf people as a class, people of average intelligence and no few instances where above the average. The average person is able to perform many of the duties in minor occupations and no small number have a trade in the performance of which they can do the actual work connected with it as well as a normal person. The main objection to the deaf in the industrial world is the inability to interpret orders given by the spoken word "hot off the bat," or quickly interpret miscellaneous conversation sometimes quite necessary. "Time is money,"—and yet in some industrial enterprise how much time is spent in written orders and intelligence on some little insignificant things, the actual worth of time being more than the worth of the thing involved. Much as lip reading helps some persons, and regardless of how well a deaf person may be able to read the lips of one person, unluckily because of a difference in movement of lips—and in some no movement at all, or a moustache covering it up—the deaf person is at a disadvantage. You can get an understanding of the difficulty by stopping your ears and having some person familiar to you who has a good clear lip movement whisper a few simple words or a simple sentence. The chances are that you will not be able to interpret them the first time and quite likely not at all. Yet for the same reason, the deaf person because of some supposed superability to clearly interpret lip movement, or signs, "hot off the bat" is often considered as being stupid and bothersome to have around, when his work is with hearing persons,—if he has been fortunate enough to get an opening with them.

Finding himself confronted with the difficulty in getting an opening, and the frequent difficulty in holding it because of not being able to interpret spoken orders quickly,—possibly he has drifted from one thing to another, and arrived at nothing at all. Perhaps someone might have got all out of patience after repeating something the second or third time,—and finally taken the extra time to blurt out, "You — fool,"—or something milder in word or thought. We can most all interpret the latter immediately. Finally the deaf person himself is likely to get a little sour toward some of the things that shoved themselves, or that were shoved upon him. Without means of

(Continued on page 69)



Miss Heckman in one of her Interpretive Poses

it comes to the latter, the individuals scatter again and have to mix with persons unlike themselves; and in quite a measure undoing the good that has already been done toward increasing the individual's and the class' chances of betterment and progression. This on account of a natural prejudice felt by some employers and workmen's compensation laws later passed which seem to work to the disadvantage of all but practically normal persons. Until the proper authorities adopt some method of grouping them and giving them a chance of earning a livelihood under

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF--THE OHIO SCHOOL

By ROBERT PATTERSON



JOHN W. JONES, Superintendent.



HE original official title of this School was the "Deaf and Dumb Asylum;" twenty-five years later it was changed to the "Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb;" and for the past eleven years it has been the "State School for the Deaf." These changes in the name reflect the evolution of public attitude toward the education of the deaf.

The fifth of American schools for the deaf to be founded, it was incorporated by an act of the Legislature passed in 1827—just a decade after the mother school was started in Hartford—and opened two years later. It was an outgrowth of the provision of the State Constitution adopted in 1802, which reads: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being essentially necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged by legislative provision, not inconsistent with conscience."

It was not without a long and bitter fight that State education was enacted into a law in 1825—the first law authorizing a general tax, to quote the words of the law itself, "for the instruction of youth of every class and grade without distinction, in reading, writing, arithmetic, and other necessary branches of a common education." The only way was thus opened for the coming of the school.

The moving spirit in the founding of the school was Rev. James Hoge, D. D., who was a prominent and public-spirited Presbyterian minister of Columbus and a member of the commission of seven appointed by the

governor in 1822 to look after the matter of a public school system for the State.

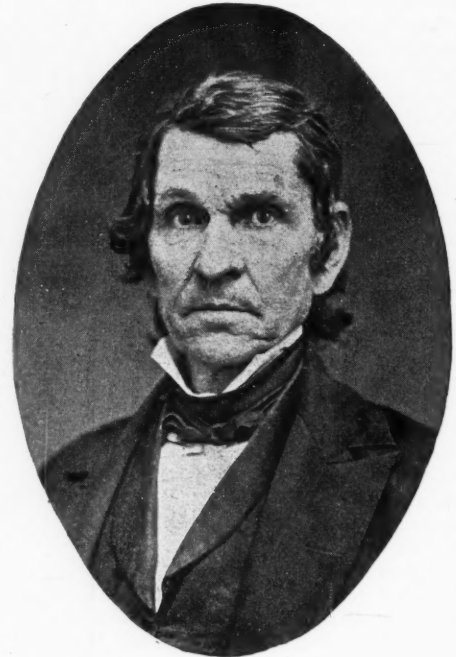
Owing to the activities of the State in the construction of canals, the school had to content itself for five years with rented buildings in the city.

It was in the fall 1834 that the school moved into its own building erected, at a cost of \$15,000, on the present site of ten acres. Designed for the accommodation of from sixty to eighty pupils, it was thought to be large enough to meet the needs of the school for a long time. Scarcely, however, had a decade passed when the attendance, grown to over a hundred, necessitated the enlargement of the building to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils. And again before the lapse of another decade, it proved to be too small. But on account of a divided opinion on the question of moving to a new site in the country, no legislative action was taken to relieve the situation for several years.

In the spring of 1864, despite all of the turmoil and expense of the civil war, the Legislature, by unanimous vote, provided for the erection of the present building on the old site to cost \$350,000 and accommodate three hundred and fifty pupils and the necessary officers and servants. It was completed and occupied in the fall of 1868—and with it came the big opportunity for the superintendent, Dr. G. O. Fay, to reorganize the school on new plans. What, with busy life, it soon began to stand out among the sister schools as one of the largest and most progressive. And it has since retained its prestige.

The outstanding facts of Dr. Fay's administration are: Extending the term of instruction from seven years to ten; reducing the minimum

age for admission from twelve years to ten and later, to six; establishing a High Class, a Sunday School, and the Chronicle, a weekly school paper; introducing the teaching of articulation; employing ladies as teachers; placing the deaf teachers on the same basis with the hearing as to salary; adopting printing and bookbinding as trades; inaugurating the rotary system of two sessions of school and one session of work

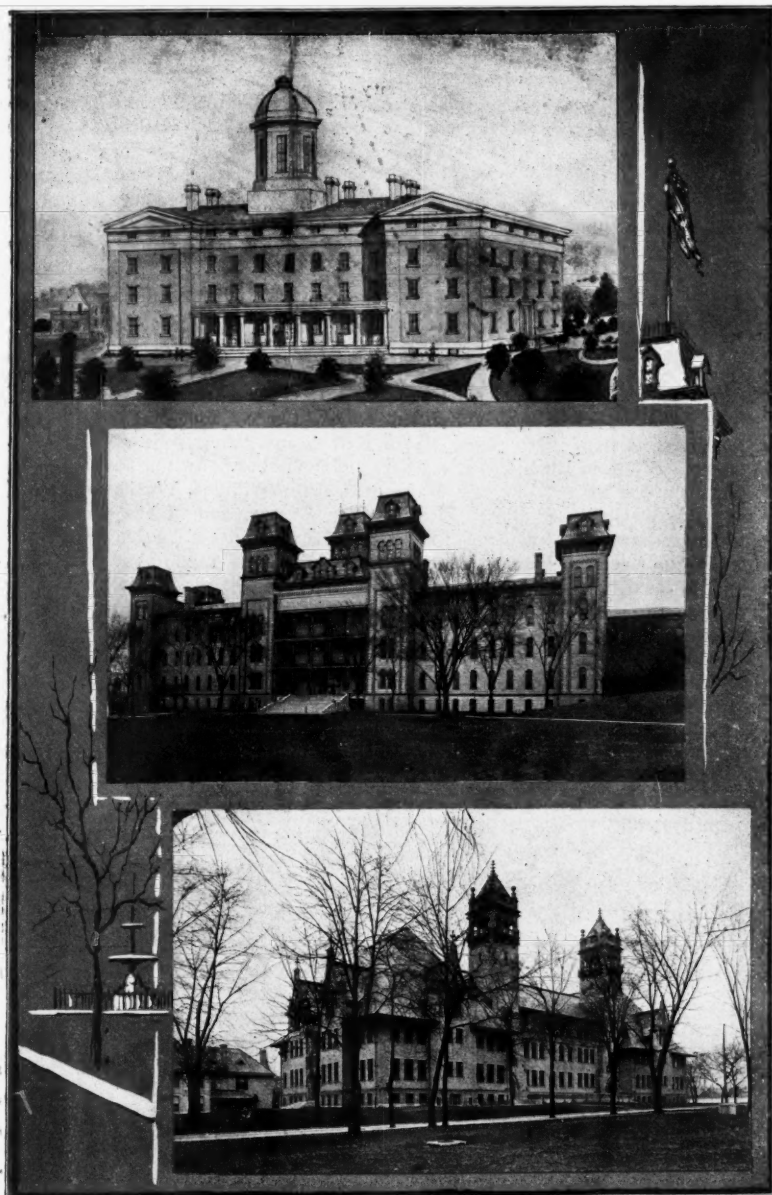


REV. JAMES HOGE, D. D.,
He saw the moving spirit in founding the school and was for many years a Trustee and Secretary of the Board.

daily, formal graduation exercises, monthly socials and triennial reunions of the Ohio Alumni



FRONT DRIVE



- (1) The drawing for the first building. The cupola and landscaping were never carried out.
- (2) The present main building before the landscaping was done.
- (3) School building. It has 36 schoolrooms, two sewing departments, art room, domestic science department, gymnasium 47 ft. x 50 ft., shower baths and swimming pools for both boys and girls, offices, lavatories, etc.

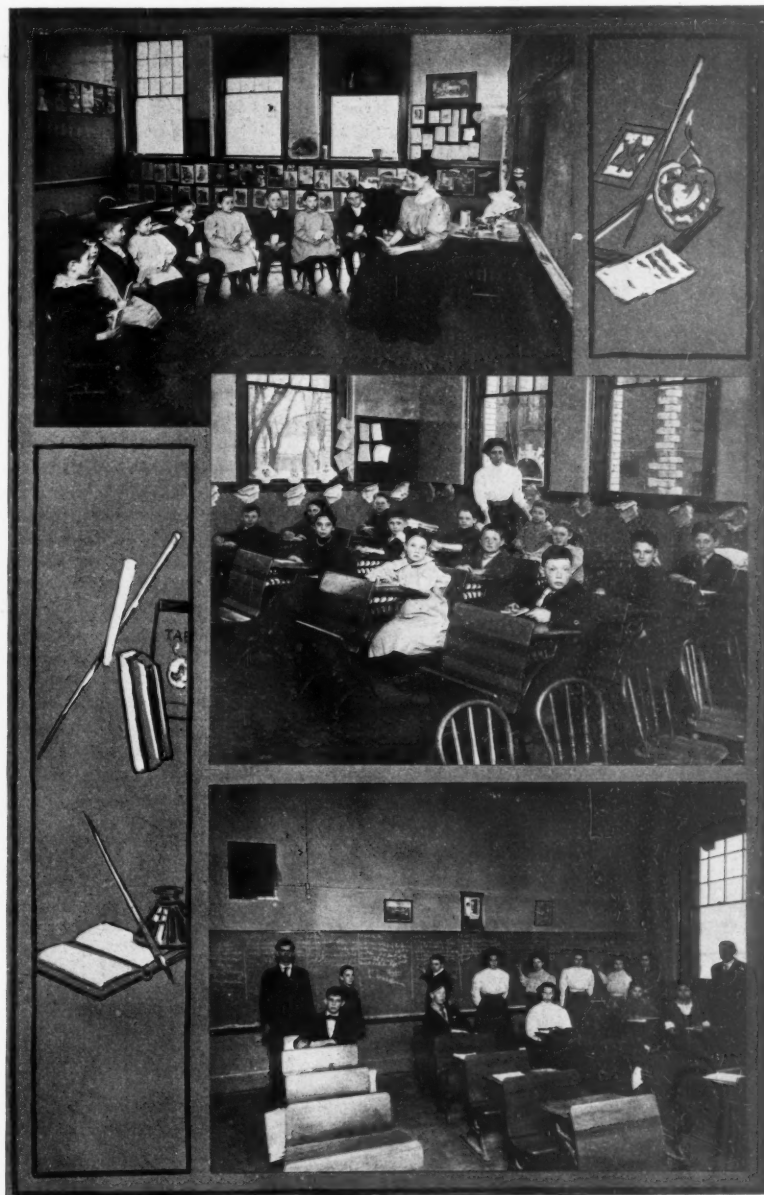
Association at the School; organization of the Clonian Society and the Independent Baseball Club; introduction of public recitations in the sign language with accompaniment of piano playing and vocal singing, and theatricals by the pupils on the stage in evenings of holidays, making the school a social center for the ex-pupils; entertaining the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf in 1878.

From the beginning the control of the School's affairs was vested in a "Board of Trustees" until 1911 when it passed to a "Board of Administration," composed of four members, who have charge of nineteen other State Institutions. And since 1913 the officers, teachers, and employees have been appointed with the approval of the "State Civil Service Commission."

The School has had eleven superintendents, only four of whom had a long tenure of office. The first, Rev. H. N. Hubbell, twenty-four years; the third, Rev. Collins Stone, eleven years; the fifth, Dr. G. O. Fay, fourteen years; and the eleventh, Mr. J. W. Jones, who is serving his twenty-fifth year.

The accomplishments of Mr. Jones' administration are: The completion of a new school house in 1899, costing \$91,000 and of a fireproof hospital in 1906, costing \$30,000; extending the term of instruction from ten years to twelve and later, to thirteen; establishment of a High

School department, a Preparatory department, a Recreation department with two teachers of gymnastics, an Art department, a Domestic Science department and a Dressmaking department; adoption of the policy of giving all new pupils an opportunity to learn to speak and read speech which has given an impetus to oral teaching, with the result that twenty-five oral teachers are now employed, appointment of two supervisors of speech and speech reading; revision of the Course of Instruction four times; inauguration of monthly grade meetings to map out school work; substitution of evening reading for evening study to stimulate better English by the pupils; building up a large school library; preparation and publication of four language books for the deaf by Mr. Jones himself; introducing basket ball, football, and pageants on the front lawn; installing a hot-water heating system, an electric light plant and a linotype machine; refurbishing the Administration Building throughout; putting in new plumbing, tile floors and steel ceilings; putting down cement walks around the buildings; adding painting, furniture finishing, and cabinet making as trades; organizing a normal class and a company of boy scouts; introducing marching of pupils to and from school and into and out of the chapel and the dining room to the beat of drums and piano-playing; teaching rhythm of speech



Three Class Rooms

by singing; organizing an orchestra composed of a pianist, two violinists, and a drummer who operates a kettle drum with a Chinese gong and cow bells attached, and a choir to help make the chapel service more interesting and attractive; education of five deaf-blind pupils; entertaining the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf in 1898; inviting the Eleventh Conference of Superintendents and Principals to meet at the School from November 11-14, but it had to be called off owing to the grave labor situation.

Since the opening of the School in 1829, 4148 pupils have been admitted to be reclaimed from the scrapheap of helpless humanity and reconstructed as men and women of independence and worth. If the work of a school is to be judged by its graduates, as it ought to be, this School takes high rank for its work of reconstruction, for its graduates, scattered all over the State, stand well in their communities as good and law-abiding citizens and industrious and valued workers. They are also active and successful in maintaining a Home for the care of their own aged and infirm deaf, and are interested in the topics of the day and the affairs of the government.

That the buildings of the School are still in a good state of preservation and possess many desirable points is shown by the fact that when the United States government was looking

around for buildings to be used as a hospital for wounded and disabled soldiers to be brought from overseas during the world war, the School was commandeered as the most convenient and suitable for the purpose; and the Ohio authorities were on the point of vacating it when the armistice was signed; and it was released. But

it is fast outgrowing its capacity to meet the demands of the deaf population of the State.

There is a strong growing sentiment in favor of moving the School to a farm and adopting the cottage system. That it will be done sooner or later, there is no reason to doubt. As Ohio is always interested in matters of education and

never does things by halves, she is sure to see to it that the new site be selected right, the cottages built right and the School given every opportunity to move along all lines of activity and progress, and be one of the best of Schools for the deaf in our country.

ROBERT PATTERSON

"The Genius of Earlwood Asylum"

By ALICE T. TERRY



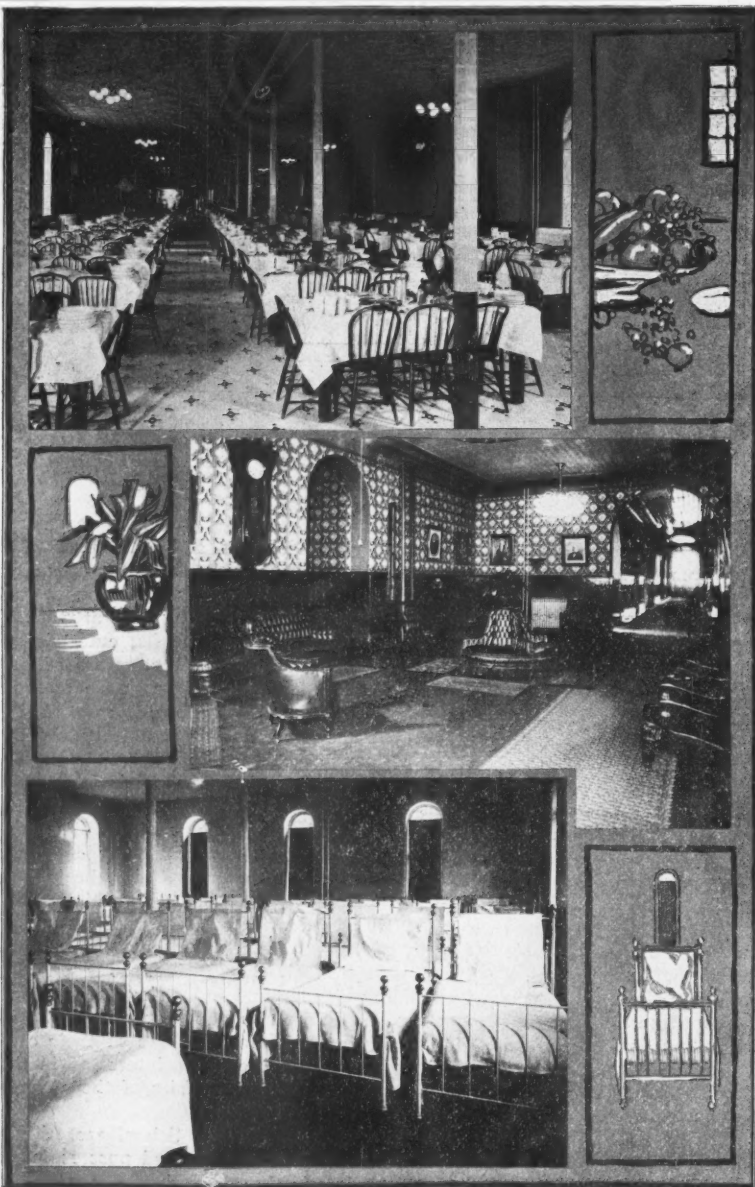
HIS is a strange tale—and it is true. I am taking it from a book, "Mental Deficiency," published in 1914, by A. F. Tredgold, a well-known English scientist. In the chapter on **Idiot Savants** appears the story of J. H. Pullen, a deaf-mute, and a most remarkable man, who has justly earned the title **genius**; but in my opinion it is too bad that he has to be referred to always as an inmate of the asylum for the insane, such as Earlwood Asylum, which for more than sixty years has been his home. In 1914 he was seventy-eight years old, he may be dead now, but he proved himself such a great artist that I think that England could well afford to lift his name from the ranks of the defective and the insane,

and place him high up among her master artists.

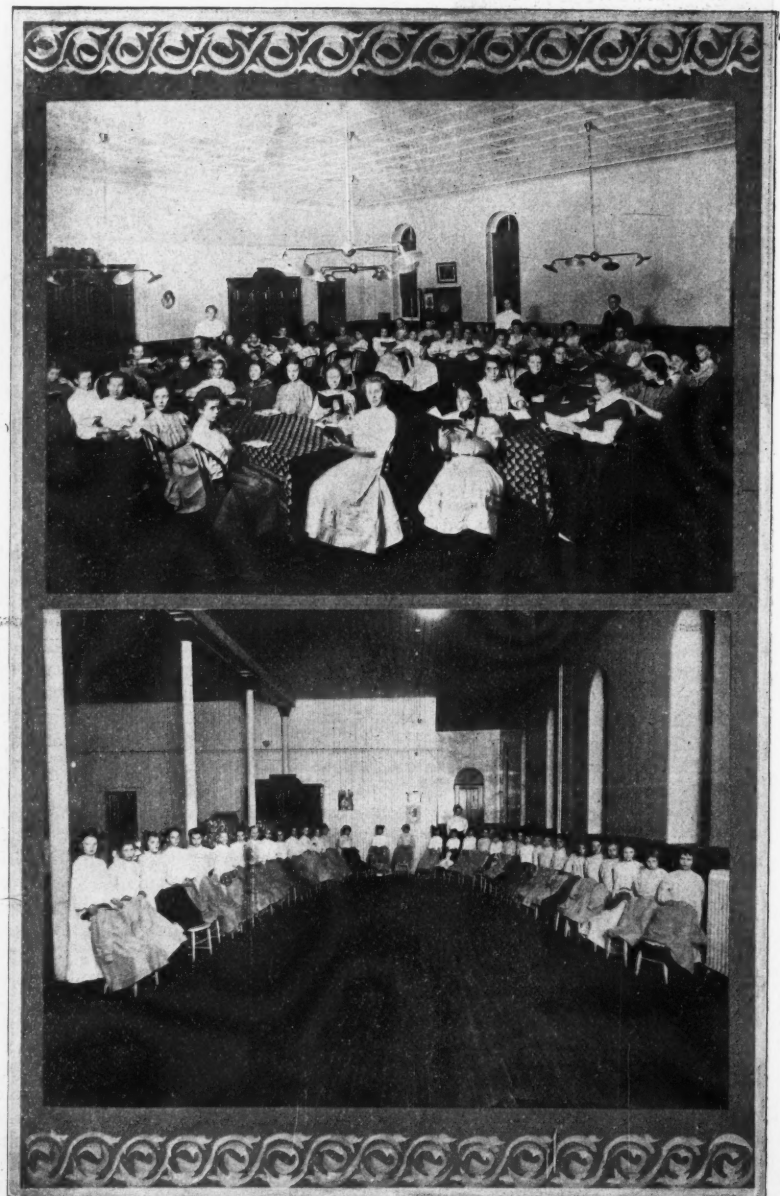
A favorite definition of mental deficiency is this, "Mental deficiency, or amentia, then, is that state in which the mind has failed to attain normal development." Yet some scientists are as yet undecided as to what constitutes exact normal mental development. **Isolation amentia** means mental deficiency due to isolation or sense deprivation—such as blindness or deafness, for illustration. Science says that with one or more physical senses missing it is not possible for the brain to attain the perfect cellular growth that it otherwise would. So then it is easy to see why the deaf especially are so often referred to as defective, or abnormal in an unfavorable sense. In this book, mentioned above, I was surprised

to come across the names of brilliant and well-known deaf and blind people, such as Laura Bridgman, Helen Keller, and others. It caused me to pause and wonder if eventually the names of famous deaf-mutes, such as Tilden, Washburn, Gaillard, Pitrois, Pach, Gibson, and others, will appear in mental deficiency books. Scientists may of course mean no harm or injury, but the idea is not pleasant to us and might as well be dispensed with, with not a loss, but perhaps a gain even to science. But I must get back to my story of this singular genius, J. H. Pullen:

As Pullen came of a large family isolated by reason of poverty and ignorance not much is known of his early childhood. His deafness was not hereditary, but was most likely due to the



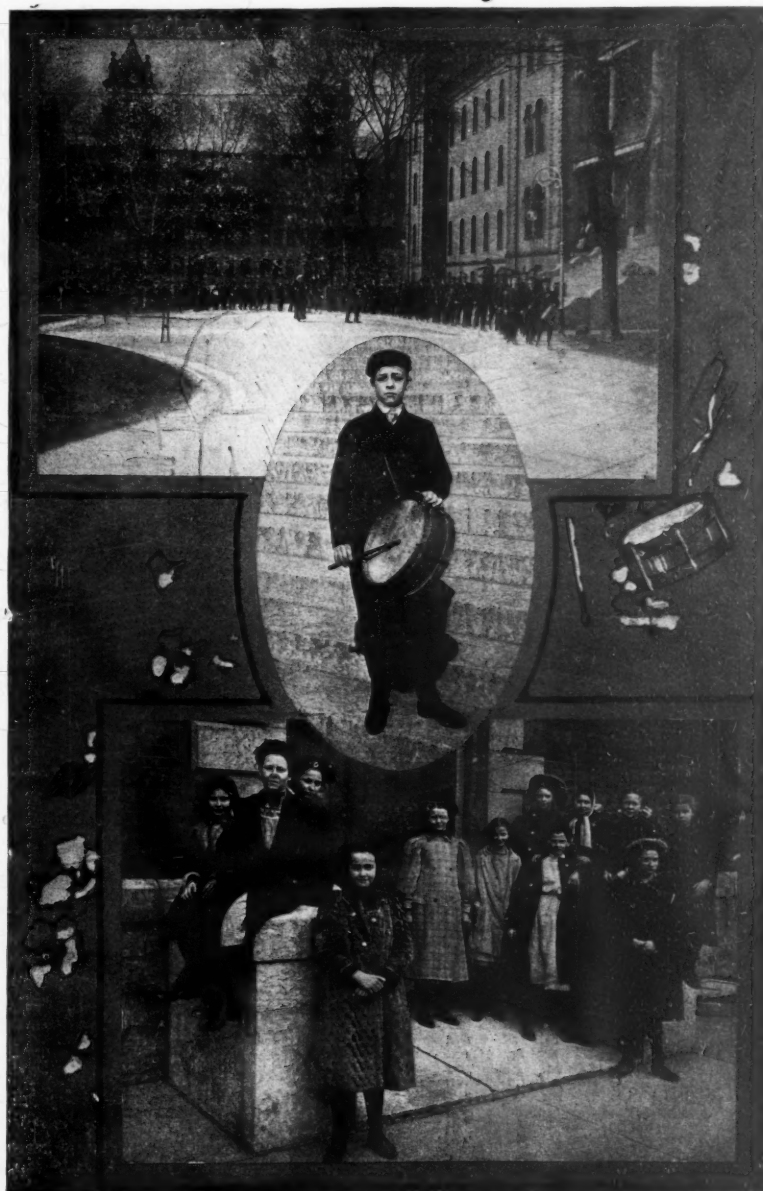
(1) Pupils' Dining Room.
(2) Reception Hall.
(3) One of six dormitories.



(1) Girls in evening study.
(2) Small girls ready for evening prayer and to retire.



(1) Girls' Basketball team. Mr. Beckert, coach.
(2) One of fourteen rooms of H. C. Girls in evening study.
(3) Boys' Reading Room.



(1) Boys marching from school.
(2) Girls at leisure in the yard.

fact that his parents were first cousins. He never went to school, as no school would take him. He did not talk until he was seven years old, and for a long time it was just one word, "muvver," that he would speak. It seems to me clearly a case where pure oralism did not suit. There can be no doubt that he had a bright mind, which for lack of the proper method, the improved manual method, did not respond and unfold as it should; for he had ideas, plenty of them, which he expressed clearly in drawings. He always carried a memorandum book with his ideas thus illustrated in minute pictures, which was singular and clever enough, and which others could understand. By the time he was fifteen years old—that was in 1850, he had learned to spell a few simple words from parents and friends: he could understand a little by lip-reading, but more by signs, as the author of the book says. Isn't that additional proof that he needed the manual method? It was at this age that he was admitted to the asylum for the mentally defective, the dangerous, and the insane. As you see I am telling his story with a good deal of comment of my own; and after reading his story through, I could not help but feel that he was out of place in the asylum—and he lived there for more than sixty years! In disposition, he is described as "usually quiet and well-behaved and good tempered, and he seems to be perfectly happy as long as he is allowed to work out his

own ideas when and how he pleases." That description suits well all normal workers. Further: "He is intolerant of supervision." Nothing unusual in that, as the same rule applies to all original workers. The author says again, "At times he gets sulky or passionate when denied requests that seem unreasonable." From that I glean that he was not unlike other artists whose sudden explosive tempers are one of their marked characteristics. Once in a rage this deaf-mute, Pullen, partly wrecked his workshop. I have seen other artists, deaf or not deaf, at large who have done the same thing, or worse. Once Pullen attempted to kill one of the stewards of the asylum to whom he had taken a great dislike, for what reasons it is not stated. But his reasons were very probably sanguine, and in this instance his case does not differ from the sometimes criminally bent at large. On the whole Pullen was a good and trustworthy "patient," and he was granted more liberty and freedom to do and go as he pleased than was accorded to any other inmate of the place. Withal his case is described as being one of "mild amentia due to deafness."

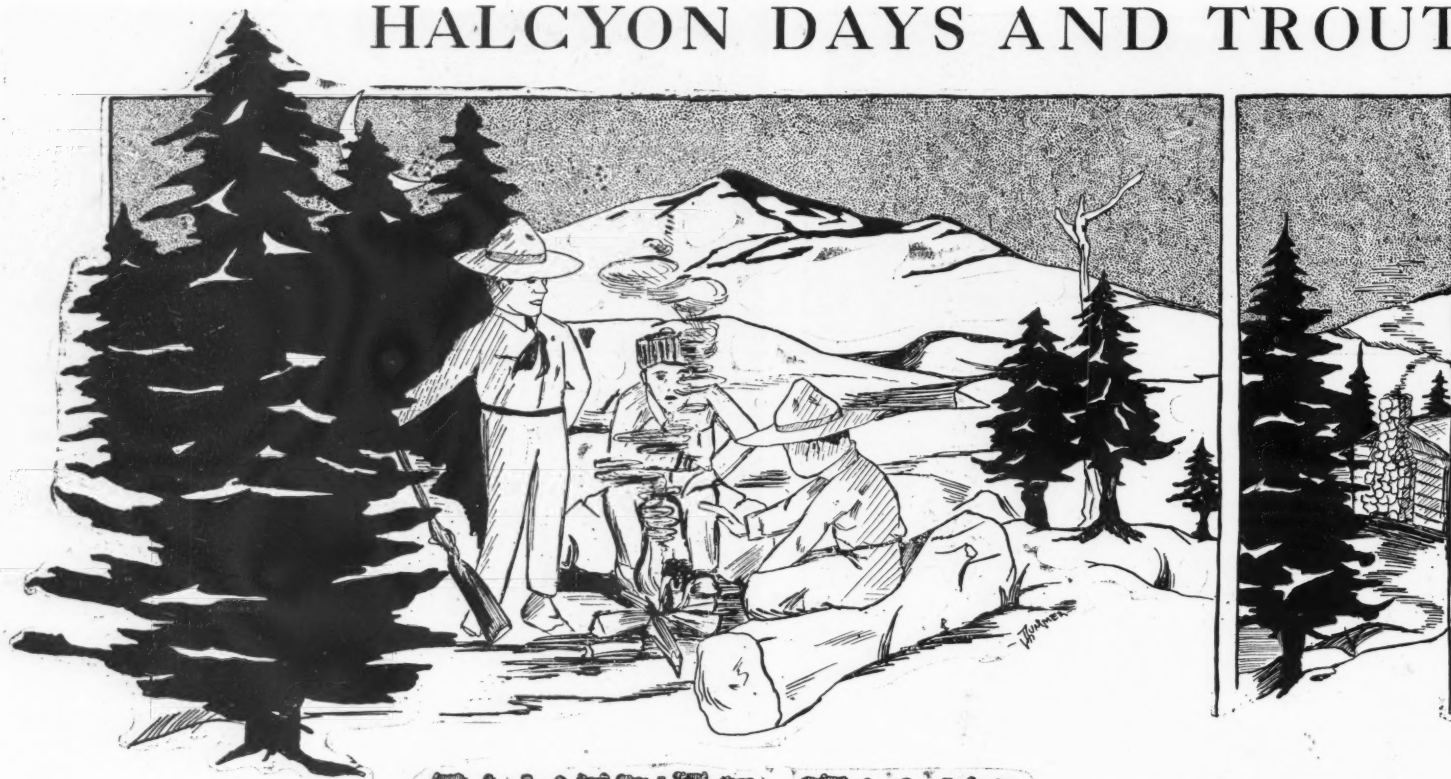
As to his genius—we come to that now. He possessed a capacity for imitation, imagination, resource, and attention which was indeed startling or extraordinary for one so illiterate as he. Besides his perfect drawings he was also a master carver in wood and ivory. Added to his imagina-

tive faculty, he had the mechanical faculty wonderfully developed. And when you reflect that he had no teaching whatever, you can take his case as all the more unheard-of, wonderful, and interesting. Here is a description of one of his finest works:

"One of the most wonderful of Pullen's works, and the one of which he is the most proud, is the model of a steamship which he named the Great Eastern. This attracted universal attention at the Fisheries Exhibition in 1883. It took him three years and three months to complete, and every detail, including brass anchors, screw, pulley-blocks, and copper paddles, were actually made by Pullen himself from careful drawings which he prepared beforehand. The planks of this leviathan are fixed to the ribs by wooden pins to the number of nearly a million and a quarter. All of these were made by him in a special instrument, which in turn, he also planned and made. He also devised and executed a strong carriage on four wheels for the conveyance of the ship. The model is ten feet long, eighteen and a half inches wide, and thirteen and a half inches in depth. It contains 5,585 copper rivets, and there are thirteen lifeboats hoisted on a complete davits, each of which is a perfectly finished model. It is fitted with paddles, screw, and engines, and it contains state cabins, which are decorated and furnished with chairs, tables,

(Continued on page 76)

HALCYON DAYS AND TROUT



CAMPFIRE TALKS

BY "BOB WHITE"

From the Foot of Pikes Peak to and Across the Continental Divide; Thru the Black Canon of the Gunnison to the Foot of Mt. Lamborne and to the Grand Mesa, the Mountain of a Hundred Lakes.

The Grand Mesa will some day be one of the greatest National Parks in America. It has the scenery, and now all it needs is the money to develop it. At present it is under the supervision of a few broad-minded people living in Delta and Montrose Counties. They receive no financial gain from the project, altho they have built many cabins to rent to visitors, and the money received from this source is spent in keeping the roads in repair, as well as in building new cabins. Altho there is a hotel on the Mesa where meals and accommodation can be secured, no remuneration is received from it, as it is run by parties outside of those who are spending so much to develop it. These men have spent considerable money out of their own pockets to improve the place. It is part of the Battlement National Forest Reserve, and lies in the western part of the state, with its north-western slope in Mesa County, and south-eastern slope in Delta County, its rim-rock forming the boundary line between the two counties. Its altitude is from 8000 to 11,000 feet, and has more than one hundred lakes on its summit.

"I climbed the rock-built breasts of earth!
I saw the snowy mountains rolled
Like mighty billows; beheld the gold
Of awful sunsets; saw the face
Of God, and named it boundless space."

NEARLY four hundred miles by rail thru the most rugged magnificence of the Rockies is but minutely described in this article, for the reason that it is beyond the power of the writer's imagination to do so.

From Colorado Springs to Salida, a distance of 140 miles, the railroad is standard gauge. From the latter place the road is known as "narrow" gauge, as the rails are laid much closer together, and the coaches are much smaller. This, I am told, is for a double purpose—to reduce the weight as much as possible, on account of the heavy grades, as well as to save considerable labor when the road was built.

Two powerful locomotives are required to pull the train over the Continental Divide by way of Marshall Pass. There may be more beautiful trips thru the Rockies, but I have yet to learn of them. The terrible magnificence of the trip simply smashes the English language to smithereens. You gradually ascend from an elevation of 7050 feet to 10,856, and all this time you are gazing upon some of the most remarkable works of Nature in the world.

After leaving Salida only five miles are traversed before the train begins to enter Poncha Pass and climb the mountains, which requires

four hours—four hours of uninterrupted pleasure. Marshall Pass, which we enter imperceptibly out of Poncha, is a depression in the main range, lying between Exchequer and Ouray Mountains. The summit is almost 11,000 feet above sea level, and timberline is so close that you sometimes think you are actually there. The trees are stunted, and all stand at an angle, showing the direction of the fierce and prevalent winds that have pressed upon them ever since their seedling days. To attain this height the road has to twist and wriggle in the most confusing way, going three or four miles, sometimes, to make fifty rods; but all the time it gains ground upward, over some startling bridges, along the crest of great fillings, thru miniature canons, blasted out of solid rock or shoveled thru gravel, and always up-slopes whose steepness it needs no practiced eye to appreciate.

No better exhibition of the greatness and breadth of the Rockies can be found than here. There stretches around and beneath you an endless series of hills, some rounded and entirely overgrown with dark woods, others arising in a dome-like crest or rearing a dome-shaped head. They crowd one on every side, bracing themselves against each other as though their broad foundations were not enough for safety; they stand cheek by jowl in sturdy companionship, taking rain and sunny weather, hurtling storm and severe days with impartial equality. Your vision will not find the limit of these great hills until it is cut off by the serrated horizon of the crest of the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) or by some frowning monarch near at hand.

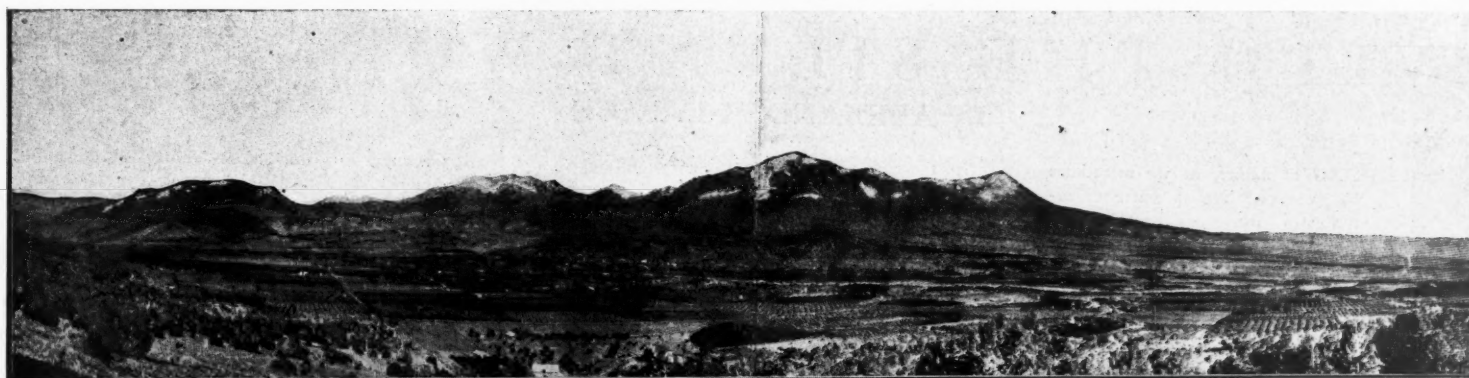
On our way to the summit we have crawled thru long snow sheds, built to protect the road from the snows of winter. Passing thru the last shed which is nearly a half mile long, we have reached the highest point of the Divide, and while the extra engine which had helped pull us up the steep grades was uncoupled from the train, and proceeded on toward Gunnison, I had a few minutes time to gaze upon the scene before me. To the northeast, white with snow, towered the Sangre de Cristos, rising abruptly from the valley. Down the mountain sides the

forests became fresher, greener. Far below, I saw four different lines of track, terrace below terrace; the last so far down as to be almost indistinct. There was a wealth of coloring, a sublimity unsurpassed, and withal an attention given to detail by which the picture was made perfect.

Our descent was slow but steady. All steam was shut off from the engine, and the air brakes were being used to preserve a uniform speed. Looking back over the way we had come there appeared dark green forests, backed by high mountains with bared summits. Everything was green, fresh, luxuriant. Great herds of cattle grazed in the meadows; huge stacks of hay stood by low-roofed cabins, and, in all, it was a most pleasing sight to behold. A few miles of such country and we arrive at Gunnison, situated in the centre of the valley. The region surrounding Gunnison is a sportsman's paradise; Nature is at her best; the forests are full of health-giving odors, and a day's tramp could not fail to bring color to the palest cheek, strength to the weakest body. Some of the finest trout in the State are caught in the streams around Gunnison.

Shortly after leaving here the train reaches the Black Canon of the Gunnison. The early morning sun streams warm and rich into the canon, dispelling the nocturnal chill—making the air delightful beyond expression. We are hurled through close shutting crags that seem to waver and topple at their summits; we pass for miles and miles thru such scenery—great masses of rock towering 1000, yes, 1500 feet, and it is said that some of these cliffs rise 3000 feet above the tracks. If the dynamic Gods can drive a pathway for a river thru twenty miles of solid granite, of what use is any human safeguard against their anger?

Thus I have tried to give the reader an idea of what the Black Canon looks like, and while it is not black at all, it is one of the sunniest places imaginable. I know some of my readers have been thru the Royal Gorge, but it pales into insignificance beside that of the Black Canon. At Cimarron, at the western end of the Canon,

*Paonia, Col.**Thru Surface Creek Valley**"Mount of the Holy Cross"**Mt. Lamborne in background**We stopped for lunch a short distance from Cedar edge.**The north fork of the Gunnison**On the way to the Grand Mesa*

the train stops twenty minutes for lunch. It seems like a God-send to the tired traveler to lunch amidst such inspiring surroundings. And such lunches as they have at Cimarron! Many of our city hotels would be put to shame.

From Cimarron stretches one of the steepest grades between Denver and Salt Lake City. In order to surmount Squaw Mountain, an extra engine is attached to the train, and even with their combined strength, we are dragged at a snail's pace—four miles an hour, they say. There is nothing to be seen but dreary wastes and great knolls of sage brush and stunted pines. But we finally get higher, and, looking far away to a



Above—Mt. Lamborne loomed above the pastoral scene.
Below—Homeward Bound—Among the Aspens.

horizon full of hazy mesas and snow-capped mountains, we see the valley of the Uncompahgre spreading out before us, and, after a gradual descent, we arrive at Montrose. In the Ute tongue, Uncompahgre means "red stream."

At Montrose we change again from narrow to standard gauge, as there are no more hard climbs to be made. From here the train travels directly west, running along the edge of the bottom lands, while on the left stretches a continuous line of ranches all watered from the Uncompahgre, which is hidden in a distant grove of cottonwoods. After about an hour's ride from Mont—
(Continued on page 66)

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



PEAKING of names, as we sometimes do, we were very remiss when we offered Messrs Moster and Lesser of the Union League Deaf-Mutes Club, as a worthily matched pair in nomenclature, and did not include Messrs Halves and Fives another esteemed pair of deaf men here.

And, while on the subject it's no harm to state that Rudy Stuhst is a Frat brother of mine and that Dewey Deer whose prowess as a Washington State foot-ball gladiator I used to admire when Jimmy Meagher made *The Washingtonian* breathe with life, and whose career I followed while he was at college has gone and got married. Now if Dewey and his wife were speaking people, one can imagine Mrs. Deer, after the evening meal suggesting a film entertainment for the evening in some such airy persiflage as: Dewey Dear, do we go to the movies to-night, do we, Dewey dear?

Some time ago we mentioned an oddity in designating meetings of one of the big New York organizations, and while our comment was only in fun, it has been taken up seriously by the organization, and in future, all meetings will be of one type, and that type designated Regular Business meetings.

The Kentucky Standard reprints some of the comments recently made with respect to the College hold on the N. A. D. offices. Of course it is the merest coincidence that all the offices are held by Gallaudet College graduates, and it just happens that the Presidency has always been the property of a Gallaudet man, or one holding a degree from Gallaudet, but that will not always be true. It might hold true if the mail vote rules in future, but the mail vote ought not to prevail. In the first place the offices all should go to those in attendance and under the mail-vote plan it might happen that not a single officer elected should be present when Convention time arrived. Common sense dictates that a body of this kind should select its officers on the plan of "Open nominations, openly arrived at" to borrow the language of My Lord Woodrow. In the past the leaders have got together in private and decided who should run, with the result that only a list of hand picked candidates was presented to the Convention. Of course they did not have to vote for any of the hand-picked nominees, but were told they might vote for any one they pleased, but this always results in making a big scattering vote that does not in the least alter the result. The open plan permits of nominations from the floor just as done at Presidential nominating conventions, and allows of any one seeking the honors, to have his merits told. In some of the State Conventions, I have seen the assemblage deliberately robbed of its right by "bosses" who planned everything in advance, and by having the Chair make the right Committee appointments, all went through beautifully, and the large assembly would elect its officers; select the next Convention city, and carry out everything just as the Boss, or Bosses planned. Then they would go home thinking they had taken part in running a Convention.

Here in New York recently we saw the National Association of the Deaf jump up in membership to the point where enough interest was shown to bring out an assemblage of five hundred, of which fully 25 per cent became members. When it came to election of officers, the old mistake was made of having a Committee on Nominations make the selection, instead of allowing the assemblage to voice its own sentiments. In the end it did not make much difference in this instance, because the work of planning and executing was practically all the result of State Organizer Kenner's brains and nerve, and under any circumstances he would have been chosen President. The offices of Secretary and Treasurer

went to the men who had shown zeal in filling them temporarily, and all three would probably have been chosen by acclamation. The big outpouring of New Yorkers was most gratifying to the old members of the N. A. D., and while New York has a great many diversified organizations, the local branch of the N. A. D. will in time probably be the largest of all.

As it should be, there is a great deal of real fraternity, between the many big organizations banded together to bring that about, and by general understanding, they boom and boost each other, but they do not "crow" over results that would place fellow organizations in the background, so "The Frat," the organ of the N. F. S. D. will have nothing to say about it, but there is nothing to prevent me from telling here, that in Wisconsin, the State Insurance Department in their annual summary of valuations of all the fraternal bodies doing business within the state, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, is placed at the very top, and my readers can infer the broad smiles at headquarters in Chicago when the Wisconsin report was read there. It speaks volumes for the Deaf, that with all their handicaps, and their relatively limited numbers, that in a period of less than twenty years they could build up an organization that, in so short a time, should achieve the pinnacle in the Wolverine state.

Some parents are so clever when they come to name children that it would seem they had some sort of telepathic knowledge of just what that child was going to accomplish when grown up. A happy instance is in the given name Miss Delight Rice enjoys. She surely has been a constant delight to the little brown brothers in the Philippines. Miss Rice writes to this paper of seeing a portrait of "John Hopkins Gallaudet" in the assembly room of the school for the deaf at Tokyo, Japan, and she mentions her surprise, and well she may be surprised though it is a mere detail that there wasn't any such person. The transition from Thomas to John is relatively easy for the Japs.

In a sketch of an organization of deaf people just printed there is a recrudescence of our old "kindness of Principal Bjinks." This time he "kindly" permitted some of the graduates of his school to hold meetings in a playground. It is dying out, but dying sure, is the old idea that a civil courtesy in consenting to something commonplace calls for bouquets. Sometimes it is right and proper to refer to such things as being exemplifications of the Principal's thoughtfulness but going to the extreme of slobbering over ordinary privileges is silly, and I am sure the Principal himself likes that sort of thing least of all. A team reached school too late in the day after having been out away from the school playing a match game, and on their return, it is announced that "The Matron very kindly had supper prepared for them."

Indeed!

School food, prepared by school servants don't allow much in the way of real kindness on the part of the Matron, though the help were kind to do the extra work involved, and the "kindness medals" should be pinned on them, and the matron shown appreciation of her thoughtfulness.

An article reproduced from the Boston Transcript, in the October issue of the Silent Worker, telling of the work of the Louise Winsor Brooks School, made the statement; "There is no group of handicapped people more pitiable than the Deaf." That this statement was not corrected by the editor is most deplorable, for of course it is not true. As a matter of fact, instead of the word "more" being used, the word "less" should have been. The readers of the Silent Worker know this, and do not need to have

it demonstrated to them, but the readers of the Boston Transcript do not know it, and it is the function of local members of the N. A. D. to put in a denial when such harmful misstatements are given out.

Here in New York, every little while, news stories are printed of the wonderful results accomplished by one of the city's evening schools, in teaching deafened soldiers lip-reading. It must be by the aid of some magic process unknown to other schools, for none of them, even where successful, impart lip-reading on the "while-you-wait plan."

A magazine issued, supposedly to further the interests of the deaf, but which is not always just to them, probably because its editor, a hearing man has had but a little over a year's experience, and that mostly in settlement work, prints the following:

"The truth very often inflicts pain; but it is a pain that purges and makes us better. We rise higher whenever we are chastised for our shortcomings. Those who shun the truth, who fear the facts and dare not speak openly and frankly, may have their reasons. We, however, shall continue our old policy saying what we believe to be the right and just thing. The deaf are as human as the hearing, and therefore as susceptible to error. Why, then, should they be granted more immunity from criticism and reproach than the hearing?"

Our silent folks have unfortunately grown accustomed to be handled with silk gloves. As a result, when they venture out on their own account into the great and indifferent world, meeting with the unyielding realities of life, they are well on the road to a career of a misfit. When they attempt to have their way, as they always had it with these petting and caressing leaders within the ghetto of silence, they find themselves butting their heads against a wall of rock. They balk at the truth and take offense at every genuine effort to help them become useful members of society.

We should be on our guard against these benefactors of their fellow-deaf, who lull them to sleep with nice and complimentary assurances of their inevitable success in any contest with hearing competitors on the course of life. We should expose their stupidity or malice—for one of these two alternatives it is. These soothing tongues are directed either by unparalleled ignorance or malicious intent to keep the masses of the deaf in darkness, so that the glib writers may continue to wield their sceptres over the destinies of the silent world."

Real friends of the Deaf seeking to help them, or to correct faults or clear up misunderstandings do not call names and heap insults; do not villify; do not distort and do not libel them.

Above all they do not write lying editorials like the above. I say real friends, and by that I mean people who know the Deaf, and know what a hard row they have in life, and how valiantly they battle in the face of an awful infirmity, and with smiles on their faces.

I do not know of a single instance of any deaf people asking immunity from criticism or reproach. My experience covers nearly forty years of intimate association with the Deaf and as a member of eight of the organizations of the City that has the greatest and most cosmopolitan deaf populace I ought, I think, to know what I am talking about.

The writer of that editorial is a young able bodied hearing man. He was not identified in any manner with the great effort Americans made in the struggle to help make the World safe for Democracy. Many men, though partially deaf fought past that obstacle and got into the struggle. Many deaf men worked in munition plants and other essential production industries. Still many others bought freely of the governmental financial helps; Liberty Bonds, War Stamps and in other ways helped to "carry on." The writer of the above editorial though in full possession of his five senses and having youth strength, ability and all remained behind.

Lacking in patriotism, wanting in pride for the country that gives him her all, he now takes all the Deaf in hand and publicly pillories them. He makes no exceptions. He accuses all the deaf of derelictions

and shortcomings that the few undoubtedly, as with the hearing are chargeable with. The Deaf will average up fully as well as the normal. Neither better nor worse in any particular, perhaps better in view of the fact that their physical infirmity makes them try the harder.

It is the veriest rot, and an insult to the intelligence of the deaf to speak of leaders among the deaf who deliberately mislead them. Neither the N. A. D. nor the N. F. S. D., America's most helpfull organizations, nor any of the local bodies give false counsel or "lull to sleep with complimentary assurances."

And how utterly inane, vapid and silly is the declaration that glib writers want to "wield sceptres over the destinies of the silent world!"

The surprise of reading such a diatribe in a publication published, ostensibly to further the welfare of the Deaf is great, but what must be the thoughts

of the Deaf people doing their utmost every day of their lives to prove that deafness is merely a serious inconvenience but otherwise their burden is their own and they are not asking any one else to share it, nor even alleviate it.

The writer of this criminal libel practically knows little about the Deaf, and that little was gained in doing welfare work planned by hearing people who thought they had a mission to perform in behalf of a lower strata of life, and they have not yet got their eyes open to the fact that while the deaf hunger for added knowledge they spurn charity even where it is sugar coated with a covering labeled "Welfare Work." The promoters are not yet aware that the Deaf hate, above all other things to have their physical infirmity regarded in any light that puts a stigma on them. I concede that up to the point where Welfare Work brings about the means of enlightenment for ignorant foreigners, it is good work, but

all the deaf will object as strongly as I do, in having the shortcomings of ignorant foreigners made characteristic of the Deaf.

In the current issue of *Collier's Weekly* the statement is made that investigation shows that four out of five college graduates fail to attain success in the world. That is, only 20 per cent of college graduates "land."

Now stop to consider that deaf people, whose educational needs are covered in very few years, and who must learn in some way other than the relatively easy way in which the hearing acquire knowledge, are successful in life to a far greater extent than the college men and you may well marvel!

I do not know any man among the Deaf who can properly be called a leader of the Deaf. There are leaders of clubs, societies, churches and the like and where these men have attained leadership it has

(continued on page 72)

PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER



RECENT visitor to the Mt. Airy Institution was Mr. George Bateman, Principal of the Halifax Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who was on a tour of inspection of some American schools. It happened that, on Saturday evening, November 15th, Dr. Crouter was engaged to lecture before the Philadelphia Local Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf and he thought it a favorable opportunity to bring his guest, Mr. Bateman, before a representative gathering of the adult deaf of the city and at the same time show him through All Souls' Church for the Deaf. This opportunity was apparently embraced with keen delight by the visitor, and, when Dr. Crouter afterwards made way for him to tell the story of the great Halifax Harbor disaster, in 1917, in place of a lecture by himself, he preceded it with some remarks that showed how surprised he was to find that the deaf of Philadelphia possessed such a fine, large church and community meeting place, as the parish-house afforded. Not being familiar with the American sign-language, he spoke orally while Dr. Crouter interpreted his address in signs.

Before commencing his recital of the shocking disaster, Mr. Bateman caused a hearty laugh at Dr. Crouter's expense by his reference to the principals of a fish story—the fish and the fisherman, likening himself to the fish with Dr. Crouter as the fisherman, and even the Doctor chuckled at this sally. Then followed the story of the disaster, which proved an intensely interesting one and consumed almost an hour in its recital. We regret that we can not give it in detail, not having taken notes of it. However, we can say that, while the newspaper reports of the disaster seemed very full and lengthy, Mr. Bateman gave us the first information of the damage done to the school for the deaf which was situated so close to the scene of the explosion that it was almost completely wrecked, and of the sufferings of the pupils, about 200 in number, nearly every one of whom were more or less injured by flying glass or debris. The most fortunate thing that could be said was that none of the pupils were killed. The school has since been rebuilt at a cost of about \$150,000. This part of the narration interested the audience most because the speaker was able to state it with much detail.

Lastly, Mr. Bateman gave a number of instances of the mysterious and powerful effects of the explosion, some of which were both serious and humorous, and, all in all, the recital was very much appreciated by those present who

gave him a rising vote of thanks for it.

Dr. Crouter humored the audience by telling how he had been made the victim of a practical joke by the late Principal of the Halifax Institution, Mr. James Fearon, whose death was believed to have been hastened by shock from the explosion, and then Mr. Bateman was given a chance to meet the adult deaf.

In the early part of November, Mrs. E. Florence Long, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and author of "Stray Straws" in the Silent Worker, visited Philadelphia after a visit to her daughter in New York City. She was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, and on Sunday, 9th., ult., visited All Souls' Church where her identity was unknown to us until Mrs. Sanders gave us the pleasure of an introduction. We were of course glad to make her acquaintance after having missed it during our visit to Omaha, in 1915; but her stay here was all too short for a satisfactory chat. She left the following day for Washington, D. C.

At one of the meetings of the Clerc Literary Association in October, the members were entertained by the oversea's experiences and observations of Lieutenant Frank Altransio, a young Italian who was with the American army. He frankly confessed that he had no experience in platform speaking and only consented to give his talk when reminded that he had dared to meet the enemy in battle and therefore should not hesitate to face a peaceful audience of his country people at home. This taunt had the desired effect; he then talked easily, interestingly and entertainingly and what more he did was to enliven his talk with a good deal of humor. There were some things, however, that he did not feel free to talk about, owing to the presence of ladies, and consequently he promised and came again before the Men's Club on Tuesday evening, November 18th., at which time he gave the men a true insight of conditions in France during the war. A singular fact is that all the speakers who have thus far given us their experiences and observations overseas did not talk alike or repeat facts; but each one had different experiences to tell, and, no doubt, there is a great deal more to interest the home folks with by coming speakers, if they can be procured.

Talking of drives to raise money in aid of public objects which nowadays seems a popular and perhaps necessary method for replenishing treasuries that have been drained by high war-time prices, or to provide for future needs, we

may say that All Souls' Parish launched its own little drive, on November 16th, for a Rectory Repair Fund of from \$1000. to \$1,500. That seems a modest sum in comparison to the big sums asked for other objects from the public, but it is no easy task for the deaf parishioners of All Souls' to cash up that much within the next twenty months. Whether they can do it remains to be told; for the present we only know that they will make a hard effort to raise as much as possible. And they should be encouraged and helped to do it because it is one of the ways of showing their worthiness for the valuable gift that is to be freely bestowed upon them.

The All Souls' people inaugurated this little drive more from a sense of duty than from any thing else. The dream of procuring a rectory had seemed so remote of success that they gave it little thought, and the present time certainly did not appear opportune to them to make endeavors for its acquisition. But some interested friends, among them Bishop Garland, had foresight enough to believe that, if it was desired to gain possession of the house and lot that adjoin the Church on the north side, further delay to purchase the property might only result in foiling the scheme and letting it slip into other hands; hence its optional purchase has already been made. One generous layman gave \$4000. towards its purchase and about \$3,500 more is to be raised by the Bishops before May 1st, 1920. It is this sudden windfall to All Souls' Parish, this unexpected valuable gift tossed into the lap of the parishioners, as it were, that has aroused the people more than anything else since All Souls' Church was raised up on its present site and stirred them to do their duty by endeavoring to provide the money needed to make all necessary repairs and improvements to the house when it shall have passed into their hands for use as a rectory. The new lot will add over thirty feet to the frontage of All Souls' property, making a total frontage of over one hundred feet, while its depth will be the same as that of the Church lot, thus making it a very desirable addition.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer had the good fortune to sell their house on Nineteenth Street very readily, and all their effects have already been removed from it. They have taken quarters in an apartment house temporarily, but Mr. Dantzer's office is in All Souls' Parish House, where he is to be addressed for the present. The proper address number is No. 3220 North Sixteenth Street. It is the number of the Church and Parish-House.

Silent Worker

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EDITORS

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Be the day weary or be the day long,
At last it ringeth to even' song.

As we go to press the Convention at Columbus opens. Its sessions will continue from the 1st till the 6th of the current month.

The picture on our first page was brought from Alaska by a friend who spent five years in that country and is the only one of the kind in existence that we know of.

There could be no testimony to the efficiency of our school more strong than that presented by the splendid party of our graduates that came streaming in from every corner of the state to spend Thanksgiving with us.

THE HUNDRED PER-CENT SCHOOL

A gentleman widely travelled, and one who has visited the majority of schools for the deaf in our country, gives it as his opinion, that there is no such thing as a hundred per-cent school, and that the vast majority will run about fifty per-cent. This would seem to be scathing criticism, and yet looking over the field, and weighing the work as it is conducted in the average institution, is not his estimate pretty near a correct one? To approach the hundred mark, we must have, first of all, a superintendent of rare attainments. He should have a classical education, should be thoroughly acquainted with all methods of educating the deaf, and, because there are so many uneducated and half educated deaf that he has to communicate with, at times, he should be able to use and understand gesture. He should be "a good mixer," and be perfectly at home with the legislators, the members of the board, and the parent, as well as with the member of his corps and the child in his school. He should be a good business man, a man of perfect poise, a finished writer and speaker, a diplomat of the diplomats, and an executive of rare genius. To be a good lecturer is imperative, and to have at least a fundamental knowledge of law and medicine is most important. Second, in importance, in a hundred per-cent school, is the

corps of instructors and supervisors. This will consist of men and women of good personality and sound health with at least a high school training and who have taken a normal course such as the one prescribed by our Board of Education.

Then we may inquire, is there frequent examination, by experts, of the ears of every pupil, aural training, and the fullest opportunity for the child to get lip-reading and speech?

Is the industrial department one that will give every boy and girl a trade by which they can make a good living?

Is the same care and attention given to the physical condition of the child as to the mental?

Is there an ample acreage, an abundance of lawn games, a swimming pool, and a well equipped gym for winter use?

Is the infirmary up to date and in charge of a thoroughly trained nurse and physician?

Is there a dental surgeon in charge of the teeth of the children?

Have the children a reading club which requires of each member a certain amount of reading each month and in which each one is required to give an outline of everything they read at the end of the month?

Have they Sunday schools in which every child is instructed in the tenets of his church?

Have they a literary society where they get self possession in appearing before an audience, and where they learn to recite, to prepare papers, and to discuss the questions of the day?

Have they an uplift club the aim of which is to give attractive manners and good morals?

Are the children all under that military training that gives poise, strength, dignity, and respect for authority?

Does the school publish a paper that keeps the pupils apace with all current news, and especially with the news of the deaf world?

Is there team-work everywhere?

Are the buildings arranged on a cottage system, and are there night watchmen and night watchwomen patrolling the buildings and grounds at all hours between sun-set and dawn?

Does the school term begin promptly on the first of September and continue, with but a brief Christmas holiday, until the last of June?

When these questions are answered in our schools we will know how nearly right our friend was when he said that the majority of schools for the deaf are not more than fifty per-cent efficient.

ON DIT

That our old and esteemed friend S. Tefft Walker becomes the Superintendent of the Security Benefit Home just outside of Topeka, that Arizona is to have a new school, that the Church Mission of Deaf-Mutes of New York will share in the residue of the \$2,000,000 estate of Mary J. Kingsland, deceased, that Mr. Howard Simpson, for

eleven years past the Supt., of the South Dakota School has resigned, that Mr. Clarke returns to the Washington School, that Dr. J. R. Dobyns takes Mr. Clarke's place in Arkansas, that editor Otis A. Betts of the Register has been made Supt., of the New York School at Rome, that O. M. Pittenger of Muncie goes to the head of the Indiana School, that Mrs. W. K. Argo has been appointed assistant Supt., of the Colorado School, that W. D. Rent is the new pilot of the Western Pennsylvanian, that Mr. Morris returns to the North Dakota Banner, that W. S. Runde is the W. S. R., of the California News, that the Devil's Lake School has just garnered its greatest corn crop, that the field in New York left vacant by the death of Rev. Harry Van Allen is to be occupied by the Rev. H. C. Merrill of Washington, that Cupid has been unusually busy among the deaf of Texas during the past summer, and that the Lone Star has deferred contemplated changes till a more convenient season.

THE BRITISH CONGRESS

An International Congress of The British Deaf and Dumb Association will be held in the Royal Institute, 158 West Regent Street, Glasgow, from 1st to 6th August, 1920. In addition to the Congress Business and President's Address, papers on important subjects affecting the Education and After-Care of the Deaf and Dumb will be read by prominent members of the Association and others. Arrangements are also being made for Ladies' Meetings. Friends wishing to read papers at this Congress should inform the Hon. Secy. of the Association, Mr. Wm. McDougall, 6 Durranshill View, Carlisle, England.

Delegates might please give early intimation of their intention to attend.

All enquiries should be addressed to
WALTER G. E. KIRKER,
Congress Secretary.

Felicitations to Bro. Hassenstab of the Central-Western diocese upon the completion of his twenty-five years of service.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
And strength in your utmost needs;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your work and deeds.

Give truth and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And song, a song will meet,
And the smile which is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
You will gather in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought out borne,
Though the sowing seemed vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

In the World of the Deaf

"Goodbye, I'm going back to school," said a sixteen year old miss who thought she had reached the top when she got a position in the office of a big business concern. It took her only a day to find out that there was a lot of useful knowledge that she hadn't brought along with her.—*Ex.*

It is most pleasing to educators of the deaf to know that the graduates of our schools are making good in the industrial world. Employers of labor are coming more to realize that deaf people make good and steady workers. Here in Minnesota at the present time deaf young men and women who are able and willing to work, have little or no difficulty in getting positions at good pay. Here in Faribault the Shaft-Pierce Shoe Company has employed deaf workers for years, and has found them so satisfactory that it is always ready to take on more as need arises. The Waldorf Paper Products Company of St. Paul has several deaf workers and will take more when vacancies occur. There are other firms in the cities favorably disposed toward the deaf, as they have found them to be satisfactory workers. It is true that now and then an employer is found who refuses to have anything to do with the deaf. The chances are that at some time in the past he has had a deaf workman in his employ, who turned out bad, and he has, unjustly, concluded that all the deaf are alike unreliable.—*The Companion.*

There is a good field for a first-class independent newspaper for the deaf. Such a paper would probably secure the support of the deaf at large if it had a strong editorial board, reliable reporters, impartial writers and independent thinkers. Failure is the swift and sure end of a paper that caters to a single class and is run by the hidden hand of an interested party for selfish motives solely.

This reminds me that some years ago, Howard Terry, he of literary temperament, suggested that he, J. Frederick Meagher and the writer start a magazine that would contain only the best literary efforts of the deaf of the nation. But the plan never matured because of lack of cash to back such a speculative venture. There are plenty of good deaf writers in every city in the Union, but a magazine of strictly literary articles would probably not find much support. If news items were included—items about the deaf—the chances of success would be greatly enhanced.—*California News.*

DR. AUGUST ROGERS.

At the centennial celebration exercises of Centre College held last June, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mr. August Rogers, Superintendent of the Kentucky School for the Deaf. It was a graceful recognition of a distinguished alumnus, as well as of the close ties existing between the two schools and the men conducting them, thruout their existence. The same Board of Trustees managed the two institutions for almost fifty years, and for seventy-eight of the ninety-six years of its existence, the heads of the School for the Deaf have been Centre College men, while large numbers of Centre graduates have become teachers of the deaf in this school and the schools of other states. Congratulations to Doctor Rogers on the unsought honor, and to Centre on having done a graceful act in a graceful way.—*The Kentucky Standard.*

GREAT IS THE CHANGE.

Taking a broad view of conditions brought about by the Great War, one must admit that the deaf have benefited to a very large extent. Manufacturing and other establishments that were closed to them in the days of universal peace—the pre-war days—now welcome them as workers and make no discrimination in wages because of deafness. Quite a change has been wrought in the industrial prospects of deaf mutes. The fact that they have made good at big industrial centres, has spread through the whole "verboten" tag is no longer pinned to the applications for employment.

The move to accept the deaf began before the war, in manufacturing centres like Akron, Detroit, etc. The war caused a shortage in man power, and the deaf, being exempt from military service, were available as workers and were eagerly sought. They protested in vain against the restrictions that barred them from the Army and the Navy. They were willing to fight—in fact, hundreds of them were crazy to get into the trenches and pump bullets or throw grenades at the Hun. So the deaf contented themselves by making their money fight through the purchase of Liberty Bonds. They fought joyfully, extravagantly, recklessly, and today there is scarcely

a deaf mute home in the country that can not proudly exhibit Liberty Bonds.—*Exchange.*

THE PIGS IN LUCK

This has been a remarkable corn year for this part of the country. The School is enjoying one of the best crops it has had in many a year. Last May our farmer, Mr. Stout, put in twenty acres of corn using the Minnesota 13 seed. The long summer combined with the seasonable rains and the long period of no-frost in September has made it possible for the corn to mature, and this it did in a way to put the corn grown in the good old corn states to blush. The result is our farmer is supremely happy, his silo is full, his thirty or more pigs big and little are being "corn fed," and our boys and girls are going to have some mighty nice home made pork this winter.—*N. Dakota Banner.*

BLIND OR DEAF?

Which is the worse misfortune, blindness, or deafness? It is as easy, because natural, for the deaf to answer "blindness" as for the blind to say, "deafness." But there is no satisfactory way to decide. Better ask the deaf-blind. It is understood that Miss Helen Keller has more than once remarked that she preferred blindness. On the other hand Miss Vera Gammon of the Minnesota School, deaf and blind from infancy, and Miss Oma Simpson of the Kentucky School answered without hesitation that they would choose sight. Many of the educated deaf-blind people on being asked that question have made the same choice as those young women. There are no less than 250 deaf-blind people in this country. Not long ago we asked Samuel Beam of this school the same question. He said he would rather be deaf. One of his reasons amused us; it was he cannot enjoy his appetite in restaurants as fully as he does at home because he is afraid that something on his plate or cup may go wrong—for instance, a fly may get into his food.—*California News.*

LEARN A TRADE AND HOLD YOUR JOB

Now with the end of the war and the sudden curtailment of war-work, the labor problem assumes new dimensions for us. Hundreds of thousands of workers have to seek new employment, besides the millions of soldiers that are now returning home. We are quickly returning to normal industrial conditions. And at all times, even when this country was boasting of its prosperity, the army of the unemployed could not complain of a scarcity of recruits. They were rather plentiful. This condition we may expect again. In the ensuing struggle, of course, the fittest will survive. And those without trades will be in deep water. With a bad life-saving belt they will not stay up very long. And even among the handicapped and the maimed there will be keen rivalry. Those whose affliction is due to military service will get the preference, if any.

There are the facts that we must face. Already employment bureaus are finding it harder each day to place their applicants. And as time goes on, it will be harder.—*The Jewish Deaf.*

THE FALL OPENING.

Getting back on the job is a pleasant or unpleasant experience according to our love for work. Providentially the return to work is a genuine pleasure to most of us, even to those who look upon their means of livelihood as a "grind," for the most disagreeable tasks are not so wearisome as too long a spell of vacation idleness. And so everybody, with the single exception of the whining school boy, finds some degree of joy in getting back into harness.

But in no other vocation is this joy of resuming work so manifest as it is among the teaching profession. We have never yet been in a school where the teachers did not return in the fall with beaming faces that bespoke their happiness in taking up their pedagogical burdens. The cynic may smile and point to the fact that the average teacher goes "broke" during the long summer vacation, hence a reason for his cheeriness is found in the approach of another pay day. But in educational institutions where the teacher's pay is not limited to nine months of the year there must be another reason for his or her glad return to school. It is found in the exalted character of the teacher's work that lifts his mind above mercenary thoughts. He does not labor with cold material but with spiritual stuff that grows so miraculously as to afford him a continual intellectual feast whether it enriches him financially or not.—*The Messenger.*

GROWING AND SPREADING.

The school has just secured a title to twenty-three and two-tenths acres lying immediately south of the present school grounds, which contain twenty-four acres. This new territory will provide a splendid site for any buildings necessitated by future expansion, and will give to the whole tract the size and dignity which its purpose deserves. The purchase included a twenty-two room frame hospital building

that was erected twenty-five years ago, and is still habitable, tho it has had its ups and downs. All the land can be irrigated by pumping, and a small stream flowing thru one corner, which was filed upon by the Board of Trustees as long ago as 1902, will furnish an ample supply of water. Visions of elementary work in farming, to the extent, at least, of growing feed for the hens and pigs, are already floating about, with some other good things that will be told of when they materialize.

The School has now almost fifty acres in town, with two hill-top building sites and two hundred acres three-fourths of a mile east, with a fifty-acre site that can not be surpassed in this country, commanding, as it does, one hundred and seventy-five miles of continuous mountain ranges, ending in the south with the wonderful Spanish Peaks, one hundred and twenty-five miles away. If the town ever finds it necessary to squeeze the school out, it will welcome the squeeze.—*Colorado Index.*

Let us make physical education an important number in the curriculum of every public school in the United States. The idea is not new nor has it lacked trial. The state of New York has already introduced a system of physical training into its public schools, and the result is already noticeable. Other states are preparing to follow suit and it is to be hoped that Virginia will not be backward. But merely to introduce it into the schools is not enough. It should be made compulsory, a competent instructor in physical education should be provided for every school with sufficient numbers to justify it, and proficiency should be demanded up to the standard of any class. In other words, a definite standard of attainment for every normal child should be one of the requirements of graduation.

Not in public schools alone does physical education have its place. In our own school and others of its class there is a great work to be done. The physical standard among our children, especially the blind is woefully low. Not only are the benefits to the individual to be considered, and they are undeniable, but society is being safeguarded and the children of the future protected; for, without a doubt, improvement of the physical conditions and better knowledge of hygiene and personal cleanliness, will greatly promote the campaign for the elimination of deafness and blindness from among us, for as the physical standard goes up, the percentage of cases due to heredity will undoubtedly go down. It is, in a measure, a simple problem of education. Let us then do all in our power to promote physical education as a vital problem in our school. Additional facilities are needed. Playground and gymnasium space in particular are at a premium, and equipment, and above all, trained supervisors for this feature of our school work are necessary.—*Virginia Guide.*

RANDOM THOUGHTS OF OUR OLD SCHOOL BUILDING

Th old Main Building of our school fronting on Asylum Avnue, the central portion of which was erected in 1821, has been torn down to make way for the elegant office building which the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. proposes to put up on the site. As we looked upon this time-honored structure crumbling and falling to pieces under the powerful exertions of the wreckers a feeling of mingled joy and sadness stole over us. Sad, because she was the mother school for the deaf—the first building to be reared in this country for their education and betterment. This means much when it is considered that there are now 157 schools for the deaf in our country. This building was an ancient landmark and was viewed with interest. In the early days of this school it was spoken of as being out in the country, the city proper was at that time near the Connecticut river. Asylum Ave., was then merely a cowpath leading to nearby pastures. Note the changes that have taken place and are still going on in this neighborhood.

For nearly a century this venerable building sheltered and afforded a comfortable home for thousands of our pupils. When it was built there were no railroads in New England and pupils coming to Hartford to be educated rode in stage coaches or some other vehicle. As was stated in a recent issue of the *New Era* the late Hiram P. Hunt of Gray, Me., rode all the way in his father's carriage, a distance of 250 miles. In this building the pupils received what no public school was able to give them—an education affording them the means of earning their own livelihood and enjoying life in its fullest sense. Bearing all this in mind it is not to be wondered at that this building although antiquated, was idolized, held in sacred reverence not only by those who were educated there in, but also by the deaf in general all over the country.—*John E. Crane in The New Era.*

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.—*Steele.*

AKRON ACTIVITIES

BY ALVIN E. POPE



THE SILENT WORKER is strictly a magazine by the deaf, for the deaf and about the deaf. A magazine of which not only the managers are deaf, but the authors, artists, photo-engravers, printers, mechanics, etc. No articles by hearing people have been accepted except on rare occasions where distinguished authors have offered something in their special line which was of interest to the deaf.

Although not qualifying with the above, I am presenting this account of my recent visit at the request of the deaf of Akron. Hereafter this page will be devoted to Akron Activities and the contributors will be deaf people of that city.

Saturday morning, while visiting the Goodyear Rubber works an officer of the company told me the following story:

"Several years ago, a prominent woman of Akron who was interested in charities requested the Goodyear Company to employ a deaf boy. They hesitated but her persistence finally won and the boy was accepted. They were afraid to put him at work with machinery so they gave him very heavy manual work. The boy came to them later and said the work was too heavy and that he would like to be transferred to some other department. At that time there was a vacancy in the checking room. The head of that department said he did not want to be bothered with a deaf person. He was finally forced to take the boy in spite of his protests. The next month the manager sent for the head of this same department and told him that the deaf boy was to be transferred. He refused to let him go stating that he was the best man in his department."

If this boy had not made good, there might be no colony of deaf in Akron. How often ne'er do wells get good positions, make failures or trouble, give the deaf a bad name and make it impossible for worthy deaf young men to secure good positions. On account of the satisfaction this boy gave, another deaf man was employed and soon another until they had six. Then the company decided to make an effort to secure a large number of deaf. Mr. Martin was employed to recruit them from all parts of the United States. Miss Guilespe, a hearing girl of deaf parentage, was employed to act as interpreter and to look after the welfare of both men and women—particularly the women. She is known as "The Little Mother of the Deaf" and is held in great esteem by all. Mr. Martin's efforts soon increased the number until now the Goodyear colony numbers six hundred. The Firestone Company employed Mr. Schowe to recruit deaf men and women for their factory. His pay roll now numbers 150 making a total of 750 deaf.

The officers speak in the highest terms in regard to their loyalty and ability. Many of the employees are learning to spell and the company contemplates including the manual alphabet in their course of

English they give to the employees. The deaf do not do the heavy manual work except when they do squadron work. They are found in all parts of the factory, particularly in the finishing department where the work is light and much machinery is used. There is one chemist, three are doing clerical work, three are in the drafting room and Mr. Moore manipulates a telo-autograph. Through Mr. Moore and this instrument, orders are given which control the whole production department. One mistake would cause serious trouble. Few employees had faith enough in the deaf to believe that they could take the squadron work. A squadron consists of a group of men who take a three years' course learning the work in every part of the factory. They also have to do considerable study on the side. A squadron of deaf has just graduated this year and another has been organized. This is a strenuous course and no one can take it unless he is every inch a man.

Some of the deaf told me that when their comrades first arrived they were careless with their money, but after they had been there awhile they became very thrifty and at the same time made great improvements in their general appearance and their habits. Nearly all have bank accounts. About 200 own their own automobiles and forty own their own homes. Recently the Goodyear Company sold stock to their employees. The deaf subscribed for almost \$200,000 worth of this stock. This is remarkable when you realize that the colony has only been organized in the last three years and that the majority of them have only been there for one or two years. They all look happy and prosperous. One young man said he was ashamed to let a school man see his "roll" because it was so large. Yet they have their troubles with the high cost of living and to combat it they have organized a cooperative grocery store. The stock is owned by the deaf customers.

After my visit to the factory, I attended a banquet given by the Alumni of Gallaudet College to Dr. Percival Hall. Dr. Hall said that there had never been as large a gathering of the Alumni as attended this banquet. All of them were employees of the Goodyear or Firestone Companies. The banquet was a great success. Sunday morning we went to Sunday school where we found a large attendance. We learned that this colony had no minister. The former minister had died sometime ago. This offers a great opening for some energetic young man. In the evening Dr. Hall gave a lecture in the Firestone auditorium. Several hundred were present. I gave a little talk about conditions of the deaf in China and told them about the struggles of a deaf Chinese boy in maintaining a school. A collection was taken to

pay for the maintenance of pupils in this boy's school. This collection amounted to \$75.00. Many of them said they would have made it \$200.00 had they known in advance but they will make it that amount later. The money has been sent to Mrs. Mills and will be forwarded by her to this young man in China who was formerly one of her pupils. An account of this deaf boy's struggles in maintaining the school was set forth in an article by Mrs. Mills in the October number of the SILENT WORKER.

Here is Mrs. Mills's acknowledgment:

Mr. ALVIN E. POPE, Sup't.,
School for the Deaf,
Trenton, N. J.,

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 17th, reached me yesterday and I hasten to express my appreciation of the gift from the friends at Akron for Tse Tien Fu's Private School in Hangchow. I can imagine how delighted he will be and how, with true Chinese politeness, he will say, "I am unworthy, I am unworthy." (Woa bu gan, Woa bu gan.)

I am sending the gift to him through the Treasurer of the Presbyterian Mission in Hangchow for which his father worked so many years as an evangelist and his mother as a Bible Woman so it will reach him safely and without loss on exchange for transmission. It will be fine if the Akron friends can make it up to \$200.00. Thank you so much for presenting the need to them.

It will not be long now before I shall be getting news from Hangchow which I can send to you for the readers of THE SILENT WORKER.

With thanks and best wishes, I am
Yours, for the Deaf of China,
ANNETTA T. MILLS.

Last but not least, I must tell you about the football games. The team is composed of deaf men most of whom have been trained at Gallaudet. It has only suffered defeat twice in three years. Once by a professional team which far outclassed it and again by a larger and heavier team picked from the 25,000 employees of the Goodyear Company. This year's team is the best they have ever had. Dr. Hall said he believes it is the best foot ball team ever organized by the deaf. It has not been scored against this year. It has been impossible to find a team of hearing players of the same weight who could stand up against them long enough to make it interesting. In the game I witnessed, the score was 81 to nothing. Sometimes it runs as high as 150 to nothing. On Thanksgiving day they will play the first team of the Goodyear Company which will be much heavier but which they expect to defeat. Every member of the team is well trained and deserves much credit. Their great strength lies in team work. If the deaf could only learn to use this team work in all fields of life, Mrs. Terry would not have to talk about co-operation. Much of the strength of the team is also due to the captain who is one of the



Football Team of the Goodyear Deaf with Supt. Alvin E. Pope of the New Jersey School and President Percival E. Hall of Gallaudet College in the middle. Photo enlarged from small snapshot.

cleverest foot-ball strategists that I have ever seen on the gridiron. None of the competing teams have had a captain display equal ability in generalship. I was agreeably surprised to meet two husky members of this team whom I remembered as small boys in the Nebraska School for the Deaf, (Messrs. Marshall and Cuscadian). I also met several young men who had attended the Model School for the Deaf at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. As you remember, many states sent classes to this exposition. Some of these boys were from Utah, Missouri and Illinois. This began a new colony is making a great name for the deaf and it must protect its name and not permit a few ne'er-do-wells and troublemakers to undo what they have already accomplished. Some of the officers informed me that among their numbers were a few who could not be satisfied and were continually trying to make trouble. They told me the percentage was small and no greater than among any class of people. Nevertheless, it is necessary for the deaf themselves to take steps to see that they do no great harm.

I understand many other colonies of the deaf are being established in industrial centers throughout the United States such as the Ford Motor Co., the Overland, etc., etc.

There is much for a superintendent to learn in visiting this colony. He is first impressed with the necessity of training his pupils for the life they are to lead after they leave school. If the deaf are to live in industrial centers, we must prepare them more thoroughly for this life. We must make our schools more technical, our work more thorough and our industrial department must not be mere shops conducted for the convenience of the school.

A superintendent would also be impressed with the necessity of giving a more thorough course in civics and such studies as will enable a person to get a just estimate of the part he plays in the community in which he lives and to be so trained in correct thinking along these lines that he cannot be led astray by false but plausible doctrines of irresponsible agitators.

Many of the deaf seem to depreciate the value of an education for the reason that during these abnormal times muscle receives better pay than brains. They do not see that these conditions are only temporary and that the man of the future must have a technical training. Both the Goodyear and Firestone Companies realize this and are putting a great deal of money into educational work for the improvement of their employees. This however, is education for adults. The same amount of money spent in the education of a child would be at least ten times as beneficial. The deaf boys and girls should have all of this training before they go to the factory. I believe, in the near future, the schools will accommodate themselves to these conditions.

Many of the deaf expressed their surprise in finding the SILENT WORKER on sale at the news stands. I believe this is the only time a deaf paper has been handled by the news agencies.

At the close of our visit, Dr. Hall and I agreed that we had never been more hospitably entertained than by the deaf at Akron.

SON VS DAD

A generation back the learned man was one with half the knowledge needed to rank the same today.

Daily life demanded no such equipment then as now. Business relations were simpler, legal entanglements fewer.

Transit facilities wrought a change cities complicated matters. Then convenience and size attracted. Doing things on a larger scale was naturally next.

Machines followed, inventive genius flourished. To keep pace, man sped up his brain. He dusted out the corners and polished up unused parts of it. The oil of added information loosened the stiffened memory joints. He commenced to file facts carefully for future reference.

He extended his commercial activities. He veled far and frequently. The means to acquire education increased manifold.

Soon society's standard of culture crept up. More was expected of every man.

Specialization has been indulged by man since creation. The first three men specialized—they were a gardener, a ploughman and a grazier.

Business expansion has made specialization more marked. Man has divided and subdivided what formerly was a normal field to be covered by a single individual.

In this super-specialization is a menace. At a point of racial progress, when the mind is revealing new powers, its expansion is threatened.

Regardless that the brain of today must be equipped more fully than when our immediate forebears were public factors, its further general development is restricted.

Exercise of all its parts is hindered by specialization. Few of us reach our thought capacity and memory limit.

In the 16th century there were minds superior to most intellects of this, the 20th epoch.

With the pace progress has set since then, such instances should no longer be remarkable. They are, none the less. They will continue so until we recognize the need—if specialization is the key note of evolution—to specialize in advancing mentally step for step with commercial conquest. E. McV. H.

MARY'S SILENT PARTNER

(From The Picture Show, Sept. 27.)

MARY PICKFORD and Maria are very good friends, despite the fact that Maria won't speak to Mary. Day after day they work together on the same set, little Mary chatting merrily, Maria saying never a word. But Mary doesn't care. Maria's stony silence does not annoy her in the least, nor does the fact that Maria often crowds the little star away from her honoured place before the camera. In fact, incredible as it may seem, this pleases Mary very much; no professional jealousy at all.

But after all, why shouldn't it? That's really



Mary and Maria Face to Face

Maria's reason for being around; hours and hours of valuable time are saved by this very strange lady; and, in spite of the fact that she never said a single, solitary word since her arrival at the studio, her services are considered indispensable.

The nature of the work Maria does, however, is in no way responsible for her sphinx-like silence. She just naturally refuses to talk, no matter what the inducements. Of course, this reticence builds up a wall of aloofness, and prevents this queer maiden from making many friends; but that doesn't appear to worry her in the least.

Nevertheless, in spite of all her faults, the paradoxical fact remains that there is a most peculiar fascination about Miss Maria. She piques your curiosity the moment you see her. No matter how hard you try, you find it almost impossible to keep your eyes off her when she is on the set alone. She possesses magnetism, a compelling personality. Perhaps it is this remarkable quality



Adjusting MARIA to the same height as MARY PICKFORD

which has so fascinated Charles Rosher, Miss Pickford's photographer. At any rate, an unusual amount of attention is bestowed upon Maria by Mr. Rosher—and Mr. Rosher is a married man! Ofttimes he may be seen tenderly stroking the lady's hair, or assisting her on or off the set with all the gallantry of a knight of old. Yet, strangely enough, no one is shocked—for Charles Rosher invented Maria. And the other day when she fell down and broke her nose, Rosher is said to have wept real tears. This report, however, is unconfirmed. In fact, the property man denies that Rosher wept. He says that, on the contrary, Rosher's remarks, directed to him, related to the carelessness of property men in general, and to him in particular.

Maria is the exact height of Miss Pickford, but much thinner. Her neck is about three feet long and only an inch square. Impossible, you say? Oh no, not at all. You see, Maria is a dummy. She is used by Mr. Rosher in getting light effects, which saves a great deal of Miss Pickford's time and energy. If a certain light effect is wanted, a property man is ordered to fetch Maria. This lady is then assisted on to the set, and poses by the hour. She has beautiful golden curls, just like little Mary's own, and a pleasant smile that won't rub off; her sedate manner is a thing to ponder over.

"Poor Maria," said Miss Pickford, as she watched a husky property man drag the lady off the set. "She undergoes so much without complaint."

"Sometimes, as I sit here thinking out the action for my part, Maria starts me dreaming; weird imaginings are conjured up by watching her. Frequently I find myself believing that Maria is not a lifeless mannikin, but some odd creature come among us from a bizarre and distant world. Indeed, there have been times when I could picture Maria shaking her golden curls and coming suddenly out of her trance to rebuke us for the manner in which we have imposed upon her. Silly, silly thoughts."

"Let us hope this will never come to pass, for Maria has proved an invaluable aide, and I want her with me always—as my silent partner."

AT RANDOM

By Frank A. Littlefield



S I read through all these columns to see what I can find, and see some little verses that make me think of some of "mine," my mind gives way to retrospect and moves to smiles or tears, as some tender recollections rise up through the mist of years.

But it seems that our Reverend Gentlemen tell us, as Heavenward we climb, up the steep-rugged-grade,—"Now boy, DONT look backward,—you'll stumble and fall,—and spoil all the progress you've made."

Which seems fairly warm broth, when we are trying to steer north, far from the burning way; but now take the Old Timer, (and he was some rhymers) it seems he would always say:—"Oh, boy!—just look back, o'er your sinful track,"—(I trembled when the Old Fellow raved)—then, "Kind-loving-and-true, —He-suffered-for-YOU,"—and I came unto Him and was saved.

So, "mine" were written some years ago, when I was young and lean,—I do not remember just the age, but think it was nineteen; when most every girl then blooming seems to look just like a peach, but somehow it seems that our "Ideal," is a bit—just out of reach.

I had "one" then, and "mine" were some that I composed for "her," nevermind the punctuation, but the wording is as it were; with a little sketch above them—oh, how nicely they did look; and when minced in with some other junk, both made a little book.

I know we are supposed to write like prose, and not to run it into verse; takes too much space and causeth the composing room to curse!!; so, for fear I'll keep you waiting so long that I'll get the boot,—Gentle Reader:—I thank you, for your patience; now I'll shoot:—

(*"Mine"*)

A lonely Cuckoo's Call
I am sitting on the door-step
As the Golden Twilight falls,
From the forest, over yonder,
A lonely cuckoo calls.

His call has a tone of sadness,
—That seems all its own,
For—in the fast dimming twilight
We seem more alone.

Hark!—From the distance, I hear an echo;
No,—it's a living call, like his own;
He flies for afar, in the dim of the eve;
And I'm left to my thoughts—alone.

Listen.—A sweet melody comes to my ears;
I ask, "What song can be this?"
There's no one to answer, but on the still evening air,
Floats the song of two souls in sweet bliss.

Perhaps,—you wonder did I get her? No, my old sweetheart long has gone,—where oft' a mortal follows,—into the "Great Beyond." Me? Oh, I moved just a little bit, from Maine to the Keystone State, and am living years of happiness, with the bestest little mate.

No Sir, b'gosh, I'm not poetic; it matters not what you may think. If I tried to be, I'd strike a snag that would put me on the blink. For,—ever since the day I married, the "nicest" little girl,—my "Ideals" ne'er were busted,—No—I just grew more praktikul.

But I like to read most any thing, writ' by any Dame or Bo', who can crank 'er up in such a way that my "think works" start to go. And when I started out, I thought,—once to write in rhyme I'd try; so, when they "Brighten up our corner,"—wherever they are,—may our "Ideals" never! die.

—o—

Maybe you're somebody's "Ideal"—and of hearing you do lack; then, heed a gentle warning "Dearie"—Don't get slack. No matter where

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you're going—look ahead, but DO look back,—for, it is a good old way to give that "chance" a good old healthy whack! And when you're walking on the railroad—KEEP AWAY FROM THE TRACK—whether or not—you hear the—Chuka! Chuka! Chuka! of the stack.

For, tho' I do not like to tell you,—if any good 'twill do I will,—I may walk into your parlor—and find you lying—oh, so still,—and the neighbors will be saying,—as the parlor they do fill,—"You're not looking nat'ral, Dearie"—and—"I suppose it is His will."—Then they'll hold a consultation,—Pa and Ma and Uncle Gil',—and wonder how they'll ever—ever—PAY, THE UNDERTAKER'S BILL.

—o—

I'm a natural-born-long-faced-cuss. Sometimes my deafness makes me feel a bit like "Gloomy Gus." But, as of our joys and sorrows, which-ever we most prefer to drink,—to think in rhyme helps pass the time, and oft' makes a sweeter drink. So, if when for these columns I am writing, I may be feeling kind of blue, I'll do my level best, friend, and not pass 'em on to you.

—o—

The other day, when I came home from my daily toil, when I opened the door there was something that made my senses start to boil. I took off my coat and started on a hunt around the tent, and my little doggie followed, looking oh, so diffident; she seemed to be saying, as on hunting I was bent, "I cannot help it master—I do not lose the scent." So, my efforts unrewarded, I started on my way, to the kitchen there to help my wife, as I do every day; the usual greetings over, I laughed till I did wheeze, when wifey finished saying,—"Honey will you please, go to the pantry and bring to me THE LIMBURGER CHEESE?"

—o—

Sure, I like the Oral Method, and we use it day by day. But of course, I am not saying, "There is no other way." I know I had advantage,—could hear a bit before, no where near perfect, but one partly open door; then, when the door was shut,—had to read the lips; and, I'll admit that I make a lot of slips. But say, what's the use? We "all" make mistakes. And no matter how you "hear it," some little time it takes.

Like, all who use them, I sure "believe in signs," for, no matter who we're talking to, it is best to know their lines; and if we're not "all" in tune, perhaps we ought to be aligned, so when we meet we would have the "combined;" but say, do you ever, expect to see the day, when everybody'll be doing things in your "own" sweet way? Oh, say, what's the use? We're scattered like the deuce; if we've got our fruit, let's eat it—sweet or sour be the juice.

—o—

I used to hear "Bob" calling, from the meadow; but now I read his writings—from the west. Friend, have you read your November issue? Its columns sure are full of interest.

—o—

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League—mayhap some of 'em you know. I see a few familiar faces, as through the columns I do go.

—o—

Sure, these are trying times in which to live. We need all the inspiration one can give. The Great Book certainly does make several references to the deaf, and to the dumb, and I cannot find any "specific" reference that they, as deaf-mutes, should be taught to speak. I presume Mrs. Terry means "orally" of course; because, "So it goes that the "oral" teacher is the less "inspired" teacher, for the very obvious reason that "she" does not get the results that the manual method teacher naturally enjoys, due to "his" superior, less complicated method."

The thought naturally arises;—Are the oral teachers mostly females, and the manual method teachers mostly males?

The female teachers may not be so inspired by the Great Book, or the results of their teaching; but it is a safe bet that the women will always have more inspiration to give, to the boys at least. Bless 'em, and may they teach either, or both methods, as best fit the pupils to be taught.

—o—

Fra Elbertus, who was he? Does memory serve me? Let me see. To east Aurora, let us go, thirty miles from Buffalo; Roycroft Shop—Books and things; throughout the land his voice still rings.

But little I knew, 'twas years ago, and from all I know—he was a good ol' Bo'. One of "us" told me, a worker,—who should know.

We lost a great power to make us think, when the once dreaded Hun that ship did sink. Oh, what a loss it was to me, when they sent him down—into the sea.

All, with him could not agree; and some are still way up their tree. But 'tis better to sometimes disagree, and throw some light on things that we, seek light upon, as here we live;—when it seems that those most endowed to give, rather than that light to give, will go and climb a tree, when one in HONESTY dares to question or disagree.

Perhaps—he may not have reached his goal—May Our Lord have mercy on his soul—(and mine)—For, the memory of, and love for him, shall live in me—until I go, to keep him company.

—o—

MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!—As the bar-keep "used" to say, as into his em-po-ri-um, we?? "used" to walk (or s-w-a-y). But "now" John's days are numbered; Ah! for us?? 'tis a happy day, 'twill be easier for us?? to walk, in the straight-and-narrow-way. Of course, ol' John's no friend of mine; but I just want to try, to make a little ringle jingle, to say a cheerful "Good-Bye."

WITH THE SILENT WORKER

(Continued on Page 69)

been through honest helpful effort in smoothing the rocky road all people, and in particular, nearly all deaf people must travel.

Advice, leaders give, is to stay in school to the very last day; to go to college if that is possible; to master the trade that is being learned and to give the employer the squarest kind of a square deal.

There isn't a deaf man anywhere who is prominent enough to have been looked on as a leader of his associates who would delude those not so well favored.

I think if I were drawing a big salary in welfare work in trying to make deaf people's pathway brighter and I discovered faults peculiar to the deaf people I was working among, I would stand up and tell them so face to face, and I am sure I would try to find a remedy for each individual case. I know positively though that I would chop off my arm before I would allow wealthy hearing men to pay for the publication of a magazine whose purport was the uplift of the deaf, and then print lying and vicious slander about people whose only fault is that they are too tolerant of alleged "friends" of the type that people ask to be spared from where they can handle, out and out enemies.

There's no yard-stick, no standard of any kind by which deaf people can be gauged or measured, any more than flatted-footed people or stammerers, or the near-sighted can be.

Because of the fact that Deafness is a means of bringing people with a common infirmity in a common bond gathers them by themselves in different associations is still no means of reaching judgment as to their capacities. There are the bright and the dull; the rich and the poor; the long and the short and the slow and the quick, so a man who essays to pose as Judge and Jury and Jailer, only earns for himself the weithering contempt that all right-thinking people must feel when the significance of the utterly heartless editorial above quoted strikes home..

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THE GENIUS OF EARLWOOD ASYLUM

(Continued from page 65)

beds, and bunks. In fact, the whole thing is complete to the most minute detail, and will bear the closest inspection. He has invented and attached an arrangement of pulleys by which the whole upper deck may be raised so as to show the parts below."

The walls of Earlswood Asylum are covered with dozens of his finest crayon drawings, and about the place too are his carvings in ivory and wood, and his wonderful models of ships, and other things. Seems to me that they ought to be in museums or even art galleries. Of course, as the man who writes about him says, neither words nor photographs can convey to the reader the great beauty of the originals. Such must be seen to be best appreciated.

Another piece of Pullen's work is the representation of a monstrous human form about thirteen feet high. This black-bearded, terrible-looking figure is armed with a gigantic sword, and can be made to perform a variety of movements, such as opening and shutting the mouth and eyes, protruding the tongue, rotating the head, raising the arms, etc., by means of a most elaborate internal mechanism. It is calculated to strike terror into the heart of any juvenile beholder."

As Pullen was allowed the liberty of going outside the place, the asylum, he chanced one day to meet a woman with whom he fell madly in love. He pleaded for his discharge from the institution, that he might be allowed to marry. The authorities of course refused his request, after that for a long time Pullen would neither work nor "listen to argument." I am wondering by what method they chose to argue with him—unless it was exaggerated natural signs. They explained (how?) to him the value of his presence in the asylum, showed him a "georgious naval uniform, resplendent in blue and gold," told him they would make him an admiral in the Navy if he would give the girl. He took the uniform with the greatest delight, they say, and—forgot the girl! In that instance, I believe that it was the subtle influence of beautiful color and the idea of honor that won him, as he was passionately fond of ships and the sea, as witness his lifelong devotion to the modelling and remodelling of ships. He was decidedly egotical, delighted in praising self, and receiving praise. This should not be taken as an unusual characteristic. Undoubtedly, he suffered much from lack of intercourse with his fellow-deaf, which omission led him to concentrate entirely in, to the extent that his artistic talents developed extraordinarily well. Yet, isn't it strange, when you consider that he never received teaching or training of any kind?

The reason given for holding him in the asylum is that "he is too childish, too emotional, unstable and lacking in mental balance to even hold his own in the outside world; he would need a manager, as he lacks in ordinary prudence, foresight, and common sense." They call it *amentia due to deafness*.

In my opinion, the faults of Pullen as described just above are not at all unlike those of a great many supposedly normal people who are at large, but who really need supervision.

DEAF SCULPTOR AND ACTOR

Douglas Tilden designed a colossus "God of Fear," which was erected in the Bohemian club's famous grove on Russian river this summer in connection with a play to be given by that body. It was impressive and the play was a success in every respect. Granville Redmond took part in the play as one of the spectres of false gods and his acting was heartily applauded. Both of the deaf celebrities are members of the club.—*California News*.

Moderation resembles temperance. We are not unwilling to eat more, but are afraid of doing ourselves harm.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

THE SILENT WORKER

HALCYON DAYS AND TROUT

(Continued from page 67)

rose, Delta is reached, and it was here I had my first sight of the Grand Mesa.

Dominating everything, to the northward, lies that vast plateau protected from decay by its roofing of lava over the softer substances that makes its bulk, and which forms the watershed between the Gunnison and the Grand rivers. We know that its surface is hilly and rough; but from here, as from everywhere else, its edge, as far as can be seen, cuts the sky with a perfectly straight and even line, as tho it were as level on the top as a table. It appears dark crimson above the brown and green of mingled forest and exposed rocks that cover its front. Looking past it up the river we can see the snowy range of the Elks.

A change of trains was necessary at Delta, my objective point being Paonia, thirty-five miles northeast. This little village of about fifteen hundred souls lies in the centre of a most beautiful valley. Great orchards stretch out before you, while here and there the scene is changed to fields of waving grain and alfalfa. The North Fork of the Gunnison passes thru the edge of the village, and above this pastoral scene looms Mt. Lamborne, majestic, magnificent. It is the highest peak in the range surrounding the village, and on its side is a great whitish-brown scar. And that great scar, surrounded by a background of green of the pines, stands out with startling distinctness miles and miles away. On inquiry, I learned that, away back in the annals of time, a slide had occurred which carried away thousands of tons of rocks and trees, and ever since that time not a sign of vegetation has ever appeared. In all, Paonia is one of the most picturesque little villages I ever visited, and its people have the genuine Western hospitality, and are not slow in handing it out to the stranger in their midst.

And it is at the foot of Mt. Lamborne where this story really begins.

Certainly, I was expected in Paonia that day. Sam met me as I alighted from the train. A warm handshake and a most hearty greeting assured me I was most welcome, for, it must be remembered, I had never met him before. Nevertheless, before my trip was over, I found him one of the most pleasant fellows I ever met. Born outdoorsman, quiet and unobtrusive in his manner; the most patient and persistent fishermen I ever saw, a warm companionship soon sprang up between us.

And Paonia is the home of "Chum," but she was not expecting me that day. A little surprise had been arranged by Sam and myself, and she had not expected me until two days later. As it was, the surprise was complete.

O---hh M-y! W-h-y didn't you tell me? I'll scalp you."

It was cherry time in Paonia and the surrounding country. The trees were literally loaded with the luscious fruit. We all did our share in picking them, and in this manner many pleasant hours were whiled away. I arrived at a time when Sam was in the midst of his fruit picking, and he positively could not get away until several days after the time set for my return to Colorado Springs. Several pleasant drives were taken in the country surrounding the village, and the Fourth of July was spent at the now deserted home of "Chum," on Bone Mesa.

In order to keep my promise to my employer I really did start home, but when I arrived in Delta I happened to see some pictures of the Grand Mesa, and, to make matters worse, met a friend who told me I was missing the chance of a lifetime by not visiting it while I had the chance. And had I not already traveled nearly four hundred miles?

And the Grand Mesa loomed up before me

not over thirty miles away, "like a beckoning from an enchanted land."

The lure of the mystic mountains,
The call of the rushing stream,
The luring whine of the wind-swept pine
Awaken again the dream—
Dream of the old-time freedom,
Dream of the old-time thrills,
And I hear once more, as in years before,
The call to return to the hills.

The sleeping spirits have awakened,
And the heart of me is aglow,
A vision calls from the canon walls,
And the soul of me says "Go!"
The trail stretches out before me
Straight to the mountain's span,
Like a beckoning hand from an enchanted land,
And I'm off to the hills again.

Outdoor life is my heritage and it is yours. To one like I, such a call cannot be passed unheeded. A mystic spell is thrown around you, something keeps tugging at your heartstrings, and your very soul says "Go!" And, up there, I was told, the aspens and the spruces grew taller and straighter and more symmetrical than anywhere in the State. And, too, the beautiful pale blue and white Columbine (The State flower) grew in greater profusion than anywhere. And they told me there were one hundred lakes up there swarming with all varieties of trout. (Mesa is Mexican, meaning a mountain with a flat top.) The train back to Paonia that evening bore me with it.

(To be continued)

"Bob White" Goes to California

H. Stewart Smith, whose interesting articles of outdoor life have appeared in the Silent Worker for quite some time past, is now enjoying the winter in Long Beach, California. It is the first time in nine years that Mr. Smith has missed a winter trapping and hunting in the Colorado Rockies, and this, too, in spite of the fact that furs are commanding a higher figure than has ever been known in the history of the fur business. Prairie wolf now bring as much as \$25 each, while lynx cats bring \$20. Mr. Smith is spending most of his time fishing and visiting the different points of interest in the State, and expects to visit Yellowstone National Park and Lake Tahoe.

He expects to return to Colorado Springs early in the spring, making the return trip by auto, thru Arizona, Old Mexico, New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma.

DID YOU KNOW?

HOW THE WORLD SLEEPS

Most people sleep on their side with knees drawn up.

Elephants always, and horses commonly sleep standing up.

Birds, with the exception of owls and the hanging parrots of India, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back, and the beak thrust among the feather, between the wing and the body.

Stork, gulls, and other long-legged birds, sleep standing on one leg.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting shoreward, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Sloths sleep hanging by their four feet, the head tucked in between their forelegs.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together, and blanketed by their bushy tails.

Hares, snakes, and fish sleep with their eyes wide open.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have a screen that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the daytime.

—*Canadian Churchman*.

At last, it seems, Arizona is to have a school for the deaf. The city of Tucson has donated a tract of land, and the state legislature has appropriated a good sum of money for the new buildings. A school for the deaf was started some years ago in that state, but was taken away from the founder and placed under the wing of the state university, and this is the first heard of it since.

THOUGHTS

About the Deaf
By ONE OF THEM



WHEN I was a little boy and living at the Mercer County Workhouse, of which my father was then the principal keeper, I had many singular experiences. Some day if I chance to reach old age, which delights in reminiscences, I hope to give enough to fill a good-sized volume. As I am still young and therefore in no mood for looking backwards, I will relate for the present only one experience.

It was getting dark. The guards just finished their usual game of quoits out in the rear of the building in which are confined the vagrants and petty offenders of society. The broad fields, stretching in every direction, seemed that day unusually filled with toads. It was hop here and hop there, and every hop seemed to my youthful imagination a call for help. Being of a sympathetic nature, I did not fail to respond. It is unnecessary here to record the many little and often disagreeable circumstances that greeted me as I went fumbling after one toad then another. Suffice it, that darkness soon called a halt to the "rescue" work. And the bucket of nice cold water, which had been prepared as an "asylum" was fairly alive with the nocturnal creatures. Then I went to bed.

The next day, my first thought on getting up was to go see my queer little guests and to bid them Good morning. I shall never forget the surprise and the anguish that overwhelmed me on finding them all dead.

My story is told, but there remains the moral. Here it is: One who sets out to do good does not always accomplish his ends, and often his efforts result in doing more harm than good.

We are told, and I quote one of their most reliable living authorities,

"that the oral teachers, who were largely women, were not a bit behind others in the intensity of their feelings. The ideas of teaching deaf-mutes to speak appealed to them as a holy cause. They threw themselves into the work with all the zeal of religious fanatics. They were glad to become martyrs in such a cause; and I have no doubt that some of them would even have been willing to lay down their lives if need be, in order that the deaf and dumb should be taught to speak. They considered it actually a crime to deprive a deaf child of the power of articulate speech by neglecting to instruct him in the use of his vocal organs:—a crime aggravated by teaching him a special language, peculiar to deaf-mutes, that prevented him from mingling with his fellows of the hearing world and made of deaf children a race apart."

Thus saith the oral champion.

I am willing to grant that the oralists are filled with a holy zeal for our good. But, assuming this to be true, it is unfortunately no guarantee against evil consequences. History, not to say Experience, is full of corroborations of this point. The following passage from a reputable history will serve to enlighten as well as warn us:

"If we examine the effects of the most active philanthropy, and of the largest and disinterested kindness, we shall find that those effects are, comparatively speaking, short-lived;" (Note: our historian has been comparing intellectual with moral efforts, and proves by a wealth of historical evidence that the latter are not only less productive of benefit but often result in more harm than good) "that there is only a small number of individuals they come in contact with and benefit; that they rarely survive the generation which witnessed their commencement; and that when they take the more durable form of founding great public charities, such institutions fall, first into abuse, then into decay, and after a time are either destroyed, or perverted from their original intention, mocking the effort by which it is vainly attempted to perpetuate the memory even of the purest and most energetic benevolence. These conclusions are no doubt very unpal-

atable; and what makes them peculiarly offensive is, that it is impossible to refute them."

Thus saith one of the greatest of modern historians.

In their zeal for our cause the oralists overlook the fact that the American schools are democratic institutions. No one here in America will agree, for example, that all religions should be narrowed down into one denomination. Likewise no one ought to agree, assuming that he is an American, that all methods employed educating the deaf should be narrowed down into one—the oral method.

As to oralism, considered as a part of any deaf-educational system, it is not only desirable but a valuable entity.

In a recent number of the American Annals of the Deaf there is an article entitled "The State and the Deaf Child," by W. H. Gemmill, Secretary of the Iowa State Board of Education. But all means, read it in full. Here are some gems:

"No one in this country calls the public school system a charitable institution. Neither are the pupils of such schools considered objects of charity." "Whatever the state owes to the hearing children it owes none the less to the deaf child. It cannot escape the responsibility."

"Society, when fully informed, will emphatically insist that superior opportunities be afforded children who are handicapped. Whatever opportunity the state offers to a hearing child must not be denied to his deaf brother. No educational limitations must be permitted; no educational discriminations must be tolerated. What is done for the one must be done for the other. This is the heritage of every American child."

"Society must not permit a deaf child to be considered an object of charity."

It would be interesting as to how many educators of the deaf share the same views, and, better still, how many are willing to put them into practice. There is no doubt about the former being many enough, though one is persuaded that the figures of the latter would hover around the zero mark.

The late professor William James of Harvard still enjoys the reputation of being the foremost of American psychologists. But would you believe that he sometimes talks like a school-boy when he uses the deaf to illustrate some of his statements? For example under the chapter "Imagination" in his "Psychology," he says:

"The blind may dream of sights, the deaf of sounds, for years after they have lost their vision or hearing; but the man born deaf can never be made to imagine what sound is like, nor can the man born blind ever have a mental vision."

Like a good many other intelligent hearing gentlemen, the professor was under the impression that

the ear is the only medium of sound. The fact that the deaf, yes even the born deaf are familiar with the roar of a lion, the rumbling of thunder, the report of a gun, the whistle of a steamboat, the beating of a drum, and that they respond to a knock on the door or a stamp on the floor, and enjoy the sonorous vibrations emanating from a church organ, proves beyond a doubt that they do have some idea of what sound is.

My mind is a satellite revolving around that sun which is the Constitution of the United States. From there I draw my inspiration, and am ever drinking at the fountain of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

While some lament the growing dearth of educators who are on our side, there are others of us who are rejoicing at the opportunity to dispense with crutches.

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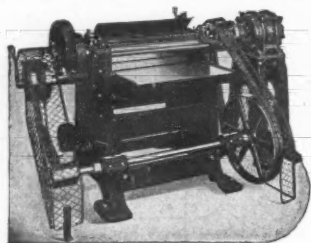
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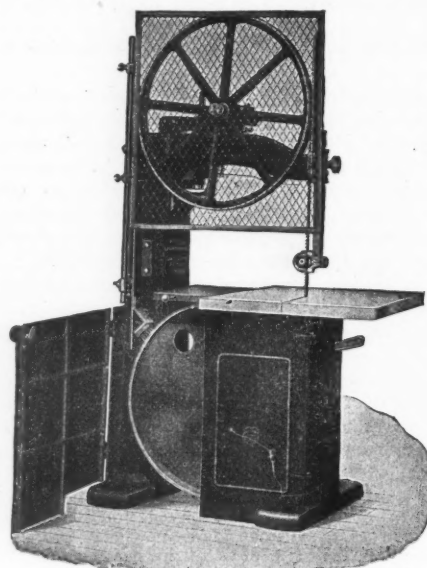
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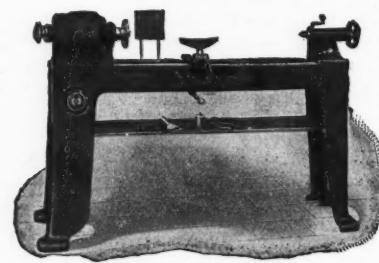
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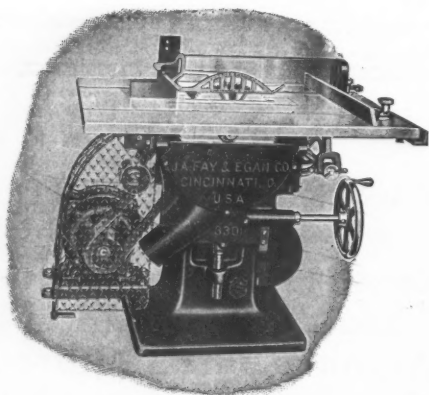
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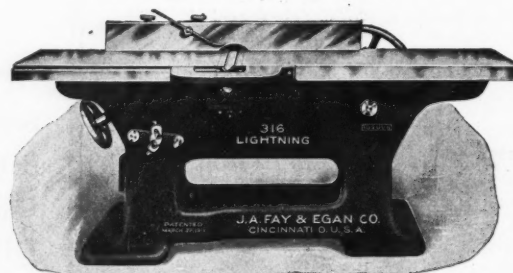
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THE ROAD TO SILENCE.

(Continued from page 61)

usual communication with his fellow-men, he may divulge in personal retrospection more. Without the continual hearing of the finer things of life and the opportunity to live along with men on an equal footing,—unless he happens to be placed so he can see the humor in it, he is quite likely to become partly dead. The same thing works out true with any class of people considered as misfits. Take it for granted that they have been brought up in much the same manner as you and with the idea that "Every man has an equal chance," and willing to do their part to prove it. With every day throwing some light on the subject which helps to disprove it and by comparison knowing how much their misfortune is costing them,—not alone in dollars and cents. If the difficulties encountered in the industrial world by any class of physical misfits were made less by giving them an opening, they would no doubt do their part toward filling it to their credit. It is useless to say that every case would be as profitable from all standpoints, but with many of the old employees going thru' the same grind every day, isn't it a good policy to let some of them grow and give someone else a chance to exist and quite likely grow likewise?

The person who is brought to the realization of the difficulty in securing employment,—realizing that it is something that lies within him, invariably does his best to make good at whatever he may be given to do to earn a livelihood. And on account of the natural fear that he won't make good in the eyes of his employer, he naturally puts greater effort into making a good and efficient employee. If the average employer realized this in the beginning, there would be fewer people who are, or who will continue to be partly dead

thru the inability to earn a livelihood nearly on a par with the average person. Given this opportunity, they would properly develop and take care of their own difficulties,—and the most appalling blank would be filled.

Did I refer to the deaf or any unfortunate, as a misfit in the industrial world? Yes, but we all see them every day. Just look your own list of vocations and see if there is not one or more in which you could not, or would not fill. The point is just this:—In our boasts of having every desire to be helpful, there is just as much chance in giving a man a chance to earn a livelihood as in anything else. If a man is a misfit in one place, put him in a place where it seems most likely he will fit—and if he absolutely won't fit them tell him the reason "why" and let him go. This may be depressing,—it is depressing to those chiefly concerned—but by your having given him an honest chance and feeling more kindly disposed toward the world and its teachings,—with the ever present reminders, the depression will not be permanent. To his credit and "YOURS" he will make an effort to reestablish himself, and others as best he may.

F. C. LITTLEFIELD.

February 22, 1918.

One evening last week after study in the sitting room of Bartlett Hall, Isador Mordin and other boys were looking at the map of Germany. Russian by birth and with antipathy toward Germany for cause as he had, he frowned at it. He wished to avenge himself by borrowing a knife and defacing the map. But as he struck at the map, the knife cut deeply into the palm of his left hand. It bled so profusely that he was scared. He was sent to the hospital, and the nurse gave him first aid in stopping the bleeding. Nothing serious followed. But next time he stabs Germany he will see that his left hand is not supporting the map.—*California News*.

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H. B. KENEALLY, Adv. Agent,
Book of Knowledge.

I have been an interested reader of the Worker and often mail extra copies to the parents in order that they may see some special articles in regard to deaf children.
E. S. TILLINGHAST, Supt.,
Oregon School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker has long been the best paper issued for the deaf generally.
W. K. ARGO, Supt.,
Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind.

I desire to express my admiration for the fine work which the Silent Worker exemplifies.
JOHN P. GREGG,
The Gregg Pub., Co., New York.

The Silent Worker is first class in every particular, and it has been one of the few that I have read from month to month.

WILLIAM N. BURT, Supt., Western Pa,
Inst. for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Got a life membership in the N. A. D. today from a party who became interested in the Association through the Silent Worker. Some compliment to your fine paper.

JAMES H. CLOUD, Prin. St. Louis Day-School, Pres. National Association of the Deaf and Missionary to the Deaf.

I have occasion to congratulate you again on the big subscription of the Worker. Three thousand is certainly a high-water mark, and speaks well for your ability to get the silent world interested. You could succeed, I believe, in that perilous field where so many others have failed—that of "silent," independent journalism. I should not fear to venture it with a man like you if occasion offered.

JAMES H. McFARLANE, Associate Editor
The Alabama Messenger, Talladega, Ala.

Through your generous offering I consider the Silent Worker the best paper for the deaf. Long live the Silent Worker!

WILLIAM H. IRVIN
Sept. 9, 1919. 242 Haddon Ave., Collingwoods, N. J.

Although I have been subscribing for the Silent Worker for about 9 years, I cannot do without it anyway, because it is always brimful of very clean and interesting articles written by contributors, who are always mostly interested in the welfare of the deaf.

WILLIAM BOHLING
Sept. 15, 1919. 1128 Georgia Ave., Sheboygan, Wis.

The paper is a very fine one. We can hardly get along without it.

J. E. STAUDACHER
Sept. 17, 1919. 1241 Jackson St., Dubuque, Iowa.

The October number is great. It alone is worth the dollar.

G. M. TEEGARDEN
October 22, 1919. School for the Deaf, Edgewood Park, Pa.

It is but adding to what has gone before, but I wish to again compliment you on the latest issue. It's a credit to any enterprise and more so to us as a class.

Like the Fraternity, every deaf person should be a subscriber, as they should be a member of the Society wherever found and whenever it is possible for them to qualify.

We have to date 4001 members and a fund of over \$207,000, but the membership is relatively small. I take it your subscription list can stand a large ratio, also.

The Fraternity (N. F. S. D.) and the Silent Worker are real factors in the life of the deaf. To make each better is our mission and our duty.

HARRY C. ANDERSON, President,
October 21, 1919. National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

I received a sample copy of your paper at the Alumni Reunion in Rochester last June and I liked it so decided to be a subscriber. It is indeed a fine and interesting paper and I do hope it will improve better each year. May you have good luck and prosperity always.

MISS HAZEL A. REED
October 16, 1919 Ex-pupil, Rochester School, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Congratulations on the efficient way you are putting the Silent Worker back to its old standard of a real paper for the whole deaf instead of localizing its features. The Worker is truly the ideal publication for the deaf, with its high grade features, excellent articles and appropriate illustrations.

HARRY C. ANDERSON, Pres. N. F. S. D.

You may have noted the editorial in Silent Hoosier, but I am taking liberty of enclosing a clip which speaks for itself—and the Silent Worker in an effective way. The editorial puts a just and proper valuation on your paper as the most attractive and helpful publication of our class anywhere—it is in a field by itself and cannot be duplicated effectively.

H. C. ANDERSON.
November 7, 1919.

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AIM FOR EXTENSION IN MOVING DEAF SCHOOL TO COUNTRY

After serving its purpose in this city for thirty-six years, the New Jersey school for the Deaf, will be removed within a comparatively short time to its new location in Ewing township, near Trenton Junction, where a beautiful tract of rolling country consisting of ninety acres has been purchased by the state for \$25,000. Abandonment of the school's present location is based on several reasons, primarily because the structures used for the students have been condemned as fire traps, and, furthermore, because of inadequacy of space, since there are more than 200 children in the state afflicted with deafness who should be given educational opportunities.

Elaborate plans are in course of preparation on the part of the State Board of Education, and Alvin E. Pope, the superintendent of the school, to establish in New Jersey, the best equipped institution of its kind in the country. At the outset, it is the intention of state officials, and Mr. Pope to arrange a classification of the students, the idea being to give each child the treatment he needs. With this end in view, it is proposed to remove the younger children into the new structures first, permitting the older ones to remain in the present headquarters until such time as facilities are provided at the new site.

It is understood there will be included in the budget of the state board to be presented to the incoming Legislature an item of \$300,000 as the initial amount necessary for the construction of buildings on the new tract. If the Legislature approves the request the appropriation will become available in July of next year. Then construction and other necessary work will begin immediately. Sometime during 1921, the belief is expressed that the younger children can be removed to the new school.

Again the Legislature will be asked for a similar appropriation to carry out the entire plan. With these available funds, additional buildings will be erected to care for the older students at the new school. All buildings of the new institution will be erected on the cottage plan, so that if necessary additions can be made without much difficulty. The largest structure will be the industrial building. Superintendent Pope's aim is to set an example to other states from an economic standpoint, but the buildings, he declares, must be serviceable and at the same time beautiful.

"We are compelled to plan for the accommodation of 500 students," said Mr. Pope. "In the school at the present time there are 200 children and a similar number of afflicted children who should be in the school are being deprived of an education, due to lack of accommodations. Advantages lacking now, such as adequate space for playgrounds, gymnasium and suitable structures for the teaching of industrial subjects will be available in the new quarters."

Mr. Pope, continuing, declared that the present location should not be improved, contending that if \$1,000,000 was expended on the old buildings, which are in bad shape, it would be mere "patch work." He expressed the opinion that the present grounds and buildings would bring \$200,000 and stated that practically this amount had been tendered. The school is located in a residential section of this city, covering an entire block of more than eight acres.

The buildings now used for the school were erected immediately after the Civil war to house orphan children of soldiers. After the house was abandoned in 1880 the legislature passed an act in 1882 establishing a school for the deaf and the buildings were turned over to the state in 1883. Five buildings, consisting of a boys' main dormitory, hospital, industrial building, small cottage and a main or administration building in which is located the girls' dormitory, constitute the school.

Since its establishment the institution has had four superintendents, including Mr. Pope, who has held the office for more than two years. He succeeded Walter Kilpatrick, who served but a short time and resigned. Weston Jenkins was the first presiding officer and after a service of sixteen years was succeeded by John P. Walker, who was superintendent for seventeen years. A short time ago Mr. Walker resigned the superintendency and is now principal of the academic department.

PUPILS WORK AT PRINTING.

The present faculty of the school consists of a principal, seventeen academic grade teachers and thirteen industrial instructors and assistants. Superintendent Pope points with pride to a particular branch of industrial work taught at the school, that of printing. In this connection it must be said that the equipment in this department is complete, especially from the fact that it includes six linotype machines, one of them being the latest model. Three trades are taught in the printing branch, photo-engraving, press work and linotyping.

An interesting feature in the teaching of the printing trades is that five of the girl students are taking instructions on the linotype machine. This department turns out the minutes of the state board of education, which work for a long time was set up without remuneration, but a compensation is now contributed.

The Silent Worker, a school magazine, "For the Deaf, by the Deaf and About the Deaf," which is profusely illustrated, is printed monthly at the institution. It has a circulation of 3,000 and sells for \$1 a year. A few years ago the publication had but 300 subscribers. Correspondents from every state in the Union, Japan, China, Australia, Great Britain, France, India and the Philippines are contributors to the magazine, which averages twenty pages.

Woodworking, mechanical drawing, sewing, mending, dressmaking, millinery, cooking and all branches of domestic science are taught at the school. Superintendent Pope declares that the industrial department of the institution is the finest in the world, but he intends to make it more extensive in the new quarters, as will also be the case in the academic branch, speech work teaching and lip reading. "No school in the world will be as good as New Jersey's, once the classification is started," added Mr. Pope.

In the class rooms the students are not permitted to use signs. Fifty per cent are taught pure oral methods, exclusively by speech and lip reading, twenty per cent, are taught by oral method and use of manual alphabet, and thirty per cent, are taught exclusively by manual alphabet.

All deaf children of a suitable age and mentality are admitted to the school. The youngest child at the school now is four years old. While no tuition fee is exacted, parents are required, if financially able to contribute to the maintenance of their children. Although the course of study covers a period of twelve years the law prohibits the retention of students after having attained the age of twenty-one, and further, they can not be kept in the school for more than fourteen years.

The total appropriation available for the current year, including permanent improvements and maintenance, is \$115,000.

The new location for the school is on the main line of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. On the tract there is a growth of woodland of about six acres and a beautiful lake covering an area of about six acres. Gardening only to the extent of supplying vegetables for the school will be carried on, for the reason, Mr. Pope declares, that in most instances where agriculture is extensively carried on, it masters the school.—State Gazette.

Judging from the number of writeups anent the Goodyear Company in the l.p.f., the Akron rubber concern is evidently getting a lot of free advertising. We have noticed one article about Goodyear that has been going the rounds in different school papers since the opening of school last fall. It is certainly proper to give Goodyear the credit that it so richly deserves, but it seems well nigh time to draw the line and discuss some other subject. Things that happened months ago are not news; they are history. Moreover, the constant display of the name, "Goodyear" with tales of excellent wages, together with an exuberant amount of phraseology describing the good times that the boys have at Akron, get on the nerves of some of the youthful and ambitious boys, who declare they are soon going to leave school and follow the crowd. Some will return to fill their founts of knowledge; others will never come back. Goodyear is all right for those who have finished school and for those who are puissant enough to resist the temptation to stay when the time comes to return to school. However, it is extremely detrimental to the general emouiriety of those pupils who can not see the real value and manifold advantages of a thorough school education. —The Deaf Mississippian.

The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—Addison.

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(Continued from first page)



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would bring about a friendly feeling on the part of wool weavers, let us say, if ranges where great flocks of sheep, were shown, with corrals, and shearing operations, and the vastly interesting shipping arrangements. This would bring a realization of why living costs are high, and how each of us can help in a fairer apportioning of burdens and rewards. Establishing this friendly feeling on a basis of complete understanding is bound to promote self-respect and a kindly, helpful feeling toward the other fellow.



In the Basque Country

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To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
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To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the imposter evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
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